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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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THE INCREASE OF TRADE with Italy has produced another rebuke from Secretary Hull, but we doubt whether these rebukes, even if followed by publication of the names of those making money out of Mussolini's illegal war, will have much deterring effect. Since Congress is not going to change the terms of the neutrality resolution in time, the Administration may have to resort to stretching the meaning of its language, unless we are content to weaken League sanctions seriously. The danger of subsequent embargoes on essential raw materials supplied to League states, if they become involved in actual war with Italy, has been considerably reduced. The President, in a notable interpretation of the neutrality resolution, has decided that he has discretionary power to apply or not to apply embargoes on further states that may come into the struggle. The Pittman resolution, after prescribing the mandatory embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war to two belligerent countries, says in a subsequent paragraph: "The President may from time to time, by proclamation, extend such embargo . . . to other states as and when they become involved in such a war." The word "may" is the key to the clause if the President is willing to use it, and he now announces that he is. On this basis it would be immediately practicable, though not wise as a permanent policy, to define cotton, oil, and other essential materials being sent to Italy as "implements" of war. And rather than see the United States wreck the chance of sanctions being effective we favor this policy, and believe that most Americans, if they understand that the outlawing of nationalist wars is at stake, will agree.

BUT WE are not willing to adopt this as standard practice. It is mere accident that Ethiopia is no customer of ours, and that "neutrality" happens to penalize only Italy. With the desire of certain isolationists to keep us out of war we devotedly agree. *The Nation* does not favor American cooperation in military sanctions, and if this country cooperates in economic sanctions, we should want it made plain that this was the limit of our help. Where we part from the isolationists is in their determination to treat an aggressor state and its victim in the same way. In terms of Italy and Ethiopia the neutrality resolution, particularly if it can be expanded and will not be made to apply to other League states if Italy attacks them, is serviceable enough. But what if the conflict is the result of renewed aggression by Japan against China, as it well may be in the near future, and the League this time applies economic sanctions? Here the isolationist would argue that unless American shipments to China were shut off, as well as shipments to Japan, American business interests might get us involved in fighting Japan. But this is asking for trouble that is not inherent in the problem. If Japan established a blockade, the United States would need only to accept the blockade and any definition of contraband which Japan might prescribe. That would keep us out of war. But equal treatment for Japan and China would cut us off from any collective effort to penalize Japan. If the sanctions now in force against Italy were sure to fall upon Japan, whose very life is dependent on exports, the war not only might be brought to an early end but might be averted. We are convinced that the certainty of these sanctions during the Manchurian crisis would have given the politicians in Tokyo the leverage they needed to defeat the militarists. Isolation and equal treatment are counsels of despair, taking it for granted that there is no hope for the law. There is some hope for it; the start of a legal system is now functioning at Geneva.

SECRETARY ICKES'S capitulation to the Hearst press on the purchase of foreign materials for PWA jobs is little short of disgraceful. The issue raised by the Triborough Bridge Authority's contract for the purchase of $19,000 worth of German steel was clear-cut. No American manufacturers produce steel piling similar to that which was ordered by the Bridge Authority, although they have known of its advantages for many years. The price asked by the domestic steel companies for a product which would meet specifications was more than double that bid by the foreign firm. Good sense as well as sound economics, therefore, required the purchase of the German steel. The less money that was spent on materials, the more would be available for the unemployed. In the face of this unassailable logic

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the Hearst press has carried on a campaign of obfuscation and abuse. The New York *American,* for example, took half of the front page three days in succession to bewail the fact that "fascist Germany" with its "starvation wages and forced labor" would receive the money intended for the relief of unemployment in "capitalist-democratic America," which pays "the highest wages in the world." The allegation that money spent for foreign steel is taken out of the pockets of American workers is of course untrue, as Mr. Ickes is undoubtedly aware. It can be set down as an invariable law that dollars spent for foreign goods must come back, and are almost certain to come back in the form of orders for American goods, though possibly not for goods whose prices are held at uneconomic levels by monopoly practices. Opposition to the PWA's action in this instance is in no way inconsistent with support of a private boycott against Nazi exports. Obviously no government can participate in a boycott against a foreign state except as a deliberate punitive measure. If private individuals wish to organize such a boycott for social or political reasons, it is their right to do so. But we should not allow anti-Nazi sentiment to becloud what is essentially a question of sound economics.

JAPAN'S long-expected coup in North China is under way as we go to press. While one can only speculate on Tokyo's motives for bringing 95,000,000 additional Chinese under Japanese rule at this time, both military and imperial considerations appear to have played an important role. Foremost is undoubtedly Japan's desire to have North China and Inner Mongolia under its thumb in the event of a war with the Soviet Union. The recent northward drive of the Communist forces in Szechuan, Shensi, and Kansu has raised fears in the minds of the military leaders that the Chinese Red Army may join with the Outer Mongolian forces to check Japan in this area. Chiang Kai-shek's inability to cope with the Communists appears to be one of the primary reasons for Japan's sudden hostility toward a man who has hitherto been a most dependable ally. A second explanation of Japan's action may be found in the agreement which was recently reported to have been reached between the Japanese military leaders and heads of the Mitsui and Mitsubishi clans, who had previously opposed the military's semi-fascist program. The Mitsuis have been interested in certain experiments in cotton-growing and have become convinced that under proper conditions of "law and order" the Yellow River valley might become a great cotton-growing center. Similarly, the Mitsubishis are known to have extensive interests in certain mineral resources in North China. In contrast to the situation two years ago, when the Japanese marched unmolested to the very gates of Peking, the Chinese are greatly aroused against the invader. Despite disillusionment over the failure of the League in the Manchurian controversy, another appeal to Geneva is likely. With the British committed to unequivocal support of the League principle, it is difficult to see how such an appeal could be sidestepped as it was in 1931.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, Herbert Hoover has no hat to throw into the ring, since he lost his in 1932. What he threw, in his address before the Ohio Society in New York City, was his skull cap. But even this diminutive headgear has brought consternation to the volunteer general staff of the Republican Party. Not that the speech was not good; it was much too good. It put the addresses of Alf Landon, Frank Knox, and Arthur Vandenberg in the shade. For here was the doctrine—balanced budget, economy, sound money—which the Republicans are certain to adopt, and expounded as none of the other candidates has the ability to do. To many Republicans, Hoover is like a nightmare that refuses to leave the consciousness on awakening. He simply insists on being reckoned with; he is certain to dominate the Republican convention; and it no longer is a forgone conclusion that he will not be nominated, a thought which must give unfailing comfort to President Roosevelt. The preconvention fight appears to be taking form in that Hoover and Borah will be leading the struggle for delegates, the one to down the Idaho radical and his unsound money views, the other to down the former President and his unmitigated philosophy of leaving business alone. Borah is determined to campaign against monopolies, and in this Knox will aid him. They will take the line that capitalism can only be made to work by becoming competitive again. Eastern Republicanism will not warm to this Western view. Senator Borah has returned to Washington to be nearer the center of things, and Colonel Knox henceforth will spend part of his time at the capital. As it looks now, the Hoover-Borah contest will play into the hands of Vandenberg, who can be trusted to find a happy middle ground. But Landon has still to express himself on this issue; and, anyway, it is far too early to make predictions.

MANY REPUBLICANS are holding their thumbs in the hope that in the reciprocity treaty with Canada the President at last has made the blunder that will save them the trouble of beating him next year. Their problem is to find some way of duplicating the benefits to farmers of the AAA but at the other end of the alphabet, for if they cannot cajole farmers to vote Republican in substantial numbers they cannot win the election. Now they pray that the Administration has bungled the delicate agricultural problem and created enemies whom they never could have converted themselves. They are, to be sure, utterly unreasonable, as we point out in our leading editorial, and the treaty constitutes an unfair victory over Premier King, who obviously needed some kind of treaty right away for political reasons. But farmers and Republicans will have their own narrower reading of the facts. Those specially affected—dairymen, farmers along the border, and lumber interests—will put up a cry that will resound through the land. It already has been raised, and notifies the country that the closed season on common sense already has set in. One would not have wondered if the President had postponed the treaty until after the election. But we suspect that the Republicans will not make as much capital out of the treaty as they anticipate. To begin with, the magazines, which now get their Canadian markets back again, will be less outraged than otherwise by the sacrifices of a few farmers. And industrialists who stand to make gains in exports will be pleased without taking note of Canada's difficulties in making payments. Perhaps the greatest significance of the agreement, its ultimate effect on the next conference of the British Empire and the future of the effort to create an economic unity of the Commonwealth, will hardly be noted. But Lord Beaverbrook and even saner imperialists in England will have read of the agreement with profound concern.

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IN THE EARLY DAYS of the Administration Father Coughlin was an insider, consulting with men of state, consulted by them. For a time his thirst for power was slaked by this novel importance, and he threw his influence behind the President. Gradually he outgrew his subordination, and since the day when the World Court was defeated and the League for Social Justice was launched, it has been clear that he could not remain anybody's lieutenant. Now he has definitely broken with the President and the New Deal, which he once proclaimed the alternative to ruin. Today he calls the New Deal a "grotesque colossus astride the two extremities of social error." Its feet, he says, "are mired, one in the red mud of Soviet communism, the other in the stinking cesspool of pagan plutocracy." In two particulars he has a case against the President—for dropping the crusade against the bankers, and for paying depressed wages on relief projects. No doubt he recognizes, too, that Roosevelt will never adopt his inflationary economics, no matter how tantalizingly he has toyed with silver purchase. But the common-sense American will be bewildered by the Coughlin argument. We call attention to the fascist technique in his attack on recent labor legislation. The priest says that the President is deliberately sponsoring laws he knows to be unconstitutional, in "a sham battle to protect plutocracy at the expense of the Supreme Court," trying to tide over the period of recovery without lasting reform. This shrewd appeal presents Father Coughlin as organized labor's most discerning friend. But at the same time he is trying to build his own union in the automobile industry at the expense of organized labor. His basic doctrine remains one of hostility to independent unions, and his dream is to have all labor organized by the government.

THE ONLY REALLY NEW THING about the resolutions issued on November 14 defining the status of Jews in Germany is the reported abandonment of the terms "Aryan" and "non-Aryan." In their place will be substituted the more exact but no less damaging designations "German," "Jewish," and "mixed Jewish." Germans are citizens and are permitted to vote; Jews—by definition those persons with three or more Jewish grandparents—are denied both these privileges; mixed Jews in certain cases are admitted into the fold. The restrictions on mixed marriages are rigidly fixed: thus, a mixed Jew with one Jewish grandparent may marry a German but not a Jew, the aim being the further dilution of Semitism in the direction of a pure German stock; mixed Jews with two Jewish grandparents must apply to the Minister of the Interior for permission to marry a Gentile or a person with 25 per cent Jewish blood. Permits will be granted only in special cases. German women domestics may continue in the employ of Jews if there are no men in the family, or, when there are men in the family, if the domestics are more than thirty-five years old and were employed before the promulgation of the Nürnberg decrees. This solemn fandango defining the political and domestic status of the inhabitants of the Reich has not so far been supplemented by official limitations on business or jobs, except that Jewish state and municipal employees must resign their positions and be pensioned off at the end of this year. However, the anti-Semitic regulations may be supplemented at any time, and it is charged by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency that limitations upon the activities of Jews in business will be deferred until after the Olympic games are held, on the suspicion that such limitations would cause the United States to withdraw from the games. Meanwhile Jews, in justified fear of the restrictions to come, are selling out their businesses at a loss.

CESAR VILAR has been General Secretary of the National Cuban Federation of Labor since 1930. Although he has been sought by Batista's police since June, 1934, he has managed to stay out of jail because of the protection afforded him by Cuban workers. But on October 31 he was arrested and held for investigation. The next day he was charged with participation in the armed attack on the march of the fascist A. B. C. in Havana last June 17, and with planning to assassinate President Mendieta and Ambassador Caffery. On the following day he was further charged with planning a general strike to overthrow the Cuban regime, and he has subsequently been accused of possessing a revolver, planning to sabotage factories, holding illegal meetings, and so on. In other words, the Mendieta government—which without the support of the United States would not last a fortnight—is out to get Cesar Vilar. The alleged attempt on the life of Ambassador Caffery is of course particularly interesting to Americans. So far no proof has been offered that such an attack was even considered, much less attempted, and no word has come from the Ambassador concerning the matter. Letters of protest on Vilar's arrest and Mr. Caffery's silence have been sent to the Secretary of State by Carleton Beals, Congressman Marcantonio, Norman Thomas, Bishop McConnell, and others. It is reported that the elections called for December 15 under the protection of the United States will be boycotted by large numbers of voters, and that a general strike is planned in protest against them. In his recent letter to the head of the Knights of Columbus the President very properly recommended that, in the case of the quarrel between the Mexican government and the Catholic church, we mind our own business. It would be highly salutary if he would apply the same policy to Cuba, and would see that it was put into effect.

IN THE WORDS of the late Mr. Briggs, we wonder what a Negro juror on an Alabama grand jury thinks about. Creed Conyers, a farmer of Paint Creek, Alabama, chairman of the board of trustees of Negro schools there, was the man chosen to satisfy the requirement imposed by the Supreme Court of the United States that Negroes should appear on the grand jury which would reindict the Scottsboro defendants. The new grand jury promptly returned the indictment on the two counts of attacking Mrs. Victoria Price and Ruby Bates, in spite of the often repeated denial of the latter that any attack on her took place. Presumably we shall in due course be treated once more to the sight of Mrs. Price on the witness stand chewing gum and repeating with evident enjoyment the story of the rape upon her person. It may even be that a Negro will sit on the trial jury which once more finds the defendants guilty, and at this particular point "due process" will be satisfied and the ends of justice served. It is not likely that credible evidence of the rape will be adduced, no such evidence having appeared in four and a half years of litigation, but in Alabama so far this has not been necessary. We may be grateful, however, that the defendants are still alive and that the protection of our highest court has not been denied them.

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Not Enough Reciprocity

THE Canadian-American reciprocity agreement will be received with mixed emotions by those who believe that the tariff policy of the United States should undergo a fundamental revision. On the one hand, any measure which promotes a freer movement of international trade might be considered a step toward recovery. From this standpoint even an unjust and unequal agreement would seem to be better than the existing stagnation. On the other hand, a measure which enhances the fundamental maladjustments in American commercial policy must inevitably delay the restoration of sound economic conditions throughout the world.

That the agreement signed at Washington on November 15 is a very one-sided document is apparent even on casual reading. Prime Minister Mackenzie King's anxiety to rush through an agreement has led him to accept what is essentially a bad bargain. Canada's concessions are extensive and commendable. Direct reductions are made in the duty on 180 items of American export, which accounted for $175,000,000 out of the $523,000,000 worth of goods which the United States sold to Canada in 1929-30. Among the articles affected are a number of products in which the United States competes directly with Canadian and British manufacturers. On 80 items the new duty is to be lower than that previously paid by any non-British country. In addition Canada has agreed to grant the United States its "intermediate" tariff, which will reduce the duty on 587 other commodities. American exporters will also benefit by the revision of Canada's burdensome system of arbitrary valuations.

Compared with these concessions the promises made by the United States are extremely meager. We have agreed to reduce tariff rates, subject to certain quota limitations, on fifty-three articles which we import from Canada. The value of our imports of these items in 1929 was approximately $79,000,000 out of a total of dutiable imports from Canada of about $265,000,000. In addition the United States has promised not to impose duties on a number of articles which are now on our free list. This can scarcely be counted a concession, however, since the United States would be the primary loser if it imposed a duty on articles which cannot be produced in this country. Among the chief products on which tariff reductions were granted are cattle, cream, poultry, seed potatoes, lumber, certain kinds of fish, and whiskey, but in each of these except poultry, fish, whiskey, and some kinds of lumber it is specified that the new duties are only to apply to an amount not exceeding our imports from Canada in 1929-30.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment is the failure of the United States to make any tariff concessions on such important Canadian exports as potatoes, codfish, wheat, milk, copper, tin, nickel, chrome, tungsten, antimony, and aluminum. In the case of potatoes and wheat much of the Canadian product is of a different grade from that grown in the United States and therefore not directly competitive. The amount of milk imported from Canada prior to the imposition of the present duty was less than 1 per cent of the domestic production. But there are many localities along the 3,000-mile United States-Canadian frontier where it is logical to purchase milk, as well as certain other products, across the border rather than pay transportation costs from more distant points within the country. It would have been to the advantage of the United States, moreover, to cut the duty on copper, tin, nickel, and certain other industrial raw materials which are processed with power rather than labor. Our failure to make these concessions not only means higher prices for American consumers, but substantially reduces the possibility of expanding our markets in Canada. For despite the substantial reductions in its tariff, Canada cannot expand its imports unless its exports enjoy a corresponding rise.

That the new pact will increase Canadian-American trade goes almost without saying. It is evident, however, that a considerable portion of the gain in American exports will be at the expense of British and European countries. This in itself would be no cause for concern if it were not for the fact that this pact, like all its predecessors, is likely to stimulate American exports far more than imports. As a creditor country we can only maintain an export surplus if we are willing to resume international lending on a huge scale. For a time, it is true, we can continue to balance our trade, as at present, by importing large quantities of gold and silver. But this policy can only lead to the complete destruction of the world monetary systems. If we are to avoid disaster, we must either reconcile ourselves to an import surplus or abandon all our existing foreign investments. Agreements such as the present one clearly postpone the time when international stability can be restored.

Despite its serious limitations, the pact will undoubtedly be attacked by the Republicans as detrimental to American agricultural interests. This sudden solicitude for the farmer is particularly touching from the party which virtually killed America's export market for agricultural products by the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930. The truth is, of course, that no group in the country has more to gain from a drastic revision of our tariff policy than the farmer. The agreement with Canada is a poor illustration of this fact because it happens that most of our exports to our northern neighbor consist of manufactured products. But even in this pact there are a number of important farm products on which Canada has granted lower duties to the United States. It is possible, of course, that the Republicans will be able to confuse the issue sufficiently to persuade many American farmers that the Administration has injured the domestic market by opening the door to Canadian competition. But this is going to be extremely difficult in view of the fact that no important American farm product is affected by the agreement. The few products which are affected are amply covered by the quota agreement which limits the amount of imports from Canada. It is our guess that if the farm interests of the West rise against the Administration it will not be because of any concessions made in the pact with Canada, but because its boasted tariff policy has failed in its primary objective—the opening of new markets for American farm products. These new markets can never be obtained unless the United States is willing to go much farther than it has gone in the Canadian pact in encouraging an expansion of import trade.

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The New Deal Ends

THREE recent announcements made almost simultaneously indicate that the Roosevelt Administration has swung far to the right in preparing the setting for the coming election campaign. First is the statement in the President's letter to the American Bankers' Association that "evidences of great recovery are at every hand...with cooperation between banks, business, and government...we will soon solve our remaining problems." This view was amplified by Secretary Roper at the annual dinner of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers, when he declared that "the basic program of reform has been completed." And to make certain that his point should not be misconstrued, he added, "As long as we maintain our present capitalistic system, and it will be maintained, no obstructions or deterrents must be permanently set up to prevent fair and reasonable profits." On the same day it was announced that federal expenditures would be cut by half a billion dollars.

It is easy to say that the President is merely playing politics, that once the election is over he will again turn to the main task of reforming our economic and social order. But with all due respect to Mr. Roosevelt's undoubted political sagacity, we would raise the question whether his open bid for business support at this moment is not bad politics as well as bad economics. Mr. Roosevelt was swept into office by an overwhelming majority on the promise of a "new deal" for the small man. In view of the fact that the reforms actually achieved during his three years in office have fallen far short of his promises, is it not reasonable to conclude that the drift away from the President is caused by disillusionment rather than by concern over his alleged attack on fundamental American institutions?

To declare that the program of reform is completed when ten million Americans are still unemployed, when millions are being removed from government relief rolls and thrown on the inadequate resources of state and private charity, is sheer hypocrisy. The collapse of the WPA and the farcical nature of the security act leave the Administration with very little which it can point to as benefiting the average voter. It is true that there has been a measure of business recovery, but this has been relatively far more helpful to business than to labor. Wages have risen, but no more than the cost of living. Employment has expanded, but not nearly so rapidly as business activity. Factory pay rolls—as distinguished from those in the non-manufacturing industries—have nearly doubled since March, 1933, as compared with an eightfold gain in industrial profits. One glance at the chart of industrial earnings during the past three years as compared with those of 1930-32 should convince the toughest-skinned tory that Mr. Roper's remarks about profits were fully consistent with the record of the Administration to date.

The bitter truth is, however, that no amount of prosperity and no promises of future cooperation are going to eliminate the hostility of certain sections of business toward Mr. Roosevelt. The President committed the unpardonable sin of suggesting that many of our financial leaders were not the paragons of civic virtue which they like to believe themselves. To come out now and say with Mr. Roper that "the misdeeds of the few have brought an indictment against the many" will scarcely atone for the earlier indictments of the "money changers."

We are not unduly concerned about the ambitions of the Administration at the next election. We are deeply disturbed, however, by the economic folly of a shift to the right at the present time. What recovery has occurred has been brought about largely by governmental expenditures. This flow of consumer purchasing power cannot be stopped or even tapered off without serious consequences. Basically, the economic situation at present is far less stable than at any time in the twenties. Real wages, which are the measure of the capacity of the population to absorb production, are nearly 15 per cent lower than in 1928. Owing to the tremendous increase in labor efficiency, production equal to that of 1929 might be reached and still leave six to eight million unemployed, who would have no buying power. Our export market, which furnished the escape from the dilemma of surpluses in the twenties, is apparently gone beyond recall. Moreover, the fact that profits have tended to rise much more rapidly than wages or salaries indicates that the old bogy of underconsumption is bound to reappear as soon as large-scale government expenditures cease.

There are only two ways of keeping the wheels of industry turning. One is a fundamental reform program for redistributing the national income. The other, which is probably the most that can be expected from the present Administration, is a continuation of stop-gap measures involving the giving of large amounts of public money to various pressure groups. The tax program, the WPA, and the so-called security act were feeble gestures toward the first objective. But their effect has been more than offset by the informal price-fixing system introduced under the NRA, which has tended to remain despite the Supreme Court's action. If the Administration has not the courage to tackle the defects in our economic structure on the eve of an election, the very least it can do is to keep the machine running until a more suitable time arrives.

The Tories Apply a Lesson

THE British Conservatives have ridden to another victory on a non-partisan issue, repeating their stratagem of 1931. And in their coming term they will reap partisan advantage from it, as they have done in the past four years. This is not healthy democratic practice, and it would not work at all, certainly not twice in succession, in a healthy Britain. But Britain since the war has been an ill land, where robust democracy has not been given a chance. Since the day when MacDonald was thrown out by the trick of the Zinoviev letter, the stage for elections has been rigged with frightening portents of calamities which have not existed. The election of 1931 was won by churning up a panic about the dangers of abandoning the gold standard. After the country had chosen the National Government as the only safe pilot in the storm, it developed that there was no storm, and that salvation by gold was a myth. The National Government, however, had learned a lesson

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in the art of winning elections, and bided its time until it could apply it. The lesson was to campaign on anything but living, domestic issues. To be sure of victory, the National Government must not take its achievement of "recovery" to the country, no matter how loudly it was being eulogized by envious reactionaries abroad. It must not campaign on its fatalistic acceptance of heavy and permanent industrial unemployment, and of the derelict areas. By hook or crook the British citizen must be kept from voting on the continuance of the economic system which is responsible for these, and for the poisonous sordidness of British working-class life in these times of blessed recovery.

There is irony in the application of this lesson to the recent election. The Conservatives, still in the guise of a "national" government, won the day by asking support for their policy at Geneva. There might be some logic in this had the National Government, in its earlier years in office, cared about the League, disarmament, or the enforcement of peace. But the National Government distinguished itself by weakness in League affairs, and committed its foreign policy to the prince of twisters, Sir John Simon. MacDonald, as Prime Minister, had hoped against hope that he could escape one day from his "prison" in the Conservative Cabinet, descend melodramatically on Geneva, and push through disarmament in one magnificent victory. But he never got beyond dreaming. Disarmament was lost; the League itself was in ruins. And then, as a final democratic cry from a democratic people, the peace ballot last year rebuked the National Government and insisted on the revival of the League to meet the rising menace of Hitlerism. The Conservatives, pushed into leadership in Geneva, found what MacDonald always had known, that a vigorous defense of peace was popular. And they found, too, that they had been given the long-sought election issue. They carried out the peace-ballot mandate of applying sanctions against Italy, and hurried to the polls for their reward. They presented their case not without a reactionary admixture of their own, asking for rearmament. They dressed up the old Tory doctrine in the new League trimmings, saying stronger defenses were essential to support of the League. British voters could not reject rearmament without appearing to reject the League; so the Conservatives won, and the "national" majority in the House is tentatively 247, much too large to function well.

The defeat of MacDonald in Seaham Harbor is more than a personal incident; it is his historic punishment for inventing the "national" government. His bitterness at the outcome demonstrates how little he understands the consequences of his own deeds. Had he been loyal to Labor principles four years ago, his party might now be within a few seats of a majority. His betrayal doomed British workers to years of conflict and despair.

For Americans the British election has an immediate and alarming consequence: we shall build a larger navy. The Admiralty at last will get at least seventy cruisers, essential—by some mathematical principle never explained—to protect British trade routes. We shall be asked to take smaller capital ships, and thus avoid a naval race. We shall decline. The President on Armistice Day proclaimed our determination to run the armament race with any "others" who challenge us. And so—isolationists please note—our naval strength has been determined by voters in a foreign land.

Mussolini and the Casa Italiana

"THE Duce has received Giuseppe Prezzolini, who reported to him on the activities of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University." These three lines appeared in the *Popolo d'Italia* of Rome, the personal organ of Mussolini, on June 17 last, and they offer the strongest possible substantiation of the charges made in *The Nation* a year ago that Columbia's Italian House is directly responsible to the Italian government.

Nation readers will recall that President Butler, answering the original charge of fascist control, stated that "the Casa Italiana . . . is wholly without political purpose or significance." If this is so, why does its director, an Italian citizen and a member of the Fascist Party, report on its activities to the head of the fascist government? President Butler is surely not so credulous as to believe that Mussolini is interested in the courses in Italian philology and literature given at the Casa. An official document issued by the Italian Ministry of Education in August, 1934, was quoted in *The Nation* last January. It read:

> When, moreover, professors intend to go abroad to lecture . . . the Minister must be informed, if possible, at least two months before the date fixed for departure, so that measures may be taken . . . for the guidance of our authorized diplomatic representatives concerning the proper propaganda to be carried on in the interests of our culture.

In the light of this document it is reasonable to assume that Professor Prezzolini was reporting to his chief on his success in furthering the cause of fascism in this country.

The Nation was instrumental last year in exposing the fascist bias of the Casa. This bias was indicated by the refusal to permit Professor Salvemini to address the Italian Graduate Club, the intimidation of students, the letter from Guglielmo Ferrero in which the distinguished historian gave the lie direct to President Butler's informants at the Casa by declaring that he had never been invited to speak there. Since then the Casa has sponsored the presentation of a medal to Professor Riccio for his "services" to the Italian government; the reception to President Ryan of the Board of Education, who had arrived from Italy openly declaring his approval of fascist educational methods; the fascist rally held at the Casa on October 20 when Gaetano Vecchiotti, newly appointed Italian consul general, gave and received the fascist salute and was greeted with the strains of "Giovanezza," the fascist anthem. All these events tend to corroborate the charges which President Butler dismissed as "utter nonsense."

A year ago, when the question of the Casa's pro-fascist attitude was first discussed, it was thought to be deplorable that the repressive ideals of a dictatorship, particularly with reference to education, should be furthered under the aegis of Columbia University, where in other departments the tradition of free discussion and scholarship prevails. Now Italy has been declared an outlaw by most of the civilized world. For this reason it is all the more to be regretted that Columbia University does not free itself from the charge of harboring and protecting a group which takes its orders from the head of the Italian fascist state.

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The Call of the Desert

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Issues and Men

Elucidation and Correction

IN the mass of comment received by me upon my recent articles in *The Nation* in regard to Robert Lansing and the activities of the firm of Morgan in war time, I am disturbed to find myself charged with "malice" and "vindictiveness." I have only lately been accused of being too friendly to the Morgans, but this is less important than the charge of being unjust to them, of not presenting their side of the case correctly and adequately, and of writing "excitedly" and "immoderately." So, at the risk of overtaxing the patience of my public, which has had an uncontemplated series of articles from me on this subject, I shall write one more statement of my position in order to make clear some points that seem to have caused misunderstandings, and to correct statements in which I have been betrayed into injustice.

That I have written with heat on this subject of the war and how we got into it, I cannot and would not deny. I am tempted to reply in the words of my grandfather when he was criticized for writing immoderately about slavery under the United States flag: "On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation." But, as he sought, not always successfully, to do what he called "exact justice" to his adversaries, so I wish to do complete justice to all concerned in this historical discussion of what happened from 1914 to 1917, which has suddenly been started anew by the appearance of Robert Lansing's book, by the publication of Harold Nicolson's life of Dwight Morrow, and by Mr. Lamont's recent letters to the New York *Times*. If I have fallen into the common error of reformers in unfairly criticizing *men* rather than the *system* of which they are the products and the example, then I must openly and squarely plead guilty and express my regrets.

As to my cherishing malice or vindictiveness against the members of J. P. Morgan and Company, that is absurd. Let me restate my feeling about them: My high personal regard for Mr. Lamont dates back, as I recently wrote, to our college years. I respected and admired Dwight Morrow, and in my review of Nicolson's life of him I wrote that he had no reason to be ashamed of what he did as a member of the firm of Morgan. Mr. Leffingwell gave service highly valuable to his government when he served in the Treasury Department before entering the firm, and he stands high in the opinion of all those who know him. I have respected Mr. Morgan because of his modesty, his refusal to spread himself and his philanthropies over the front pages of our newspapers, and his civic attitude in general. I defended him against the attacks made upon him in connection with his income-tax returns, which attacks I still believe to have been 80 per cent hypocritical, and the other 20 per cent ignorant. Here again it was the system, and not the men, which was at fault. But the fact that these men have much civic responsibility, and mean to serve their country, must not bar any independent editor from voicing his protest when they consciously or unconsciously, voluntarily or because of the system, lead in directions that seem to him to bode ill for the social safety and the peace of the United States.

When I wrote of these men and Lansing as being "traitors" in 1915, I of course did not mean that they were traitors to their country in the ordinary sense, but that they dissented from the policy of neutrality proclaimed by the President. I know that they did not deviate from the old-fashioned policy of "strict" neutrality as laid down by the State Department itself. I meant, and I said, that for reasons that they deemed just, ample, and sufficient, they threw themselves on the side of England and refused to be neutral in spirit as the President had urged us all to be. When we got into the war, there were no more loyal and efficient Americans. Mr. Wilson's valuation of Mr. Lamont's services at that time is clearly demonstrated by his making the latter a chief economic adviser at Paris, whose advice he, unfortunately for all concerned, frequently failed to take. Again, I have pointed out that the British government could not have obtained better or cleaner or more competent men to handle their cause here; when I said that they profited indirectly as well as by their direct charges, I meant that they, like all the rest of us who owned bonds and stocks, profited by the tremendous boom all along the line. As Mr. Lamont has pointed out in his book on H. P. Davison, and I am glad to recall here, the firm was careful as a general thing not to assign contracts to bidders in whose organizations the firm or its individual members were interested. Of the hundreds of firms dealt with they were interested in only eleven and to an extent not to exceed 3 per cent in any one of them, and in these cases they reported the facts promptly to the British government. It is also true that the United States government was well aware of the operations of the firm. But this governmental inconsistency does not vitiate the fact that from the beginning the firm threw neutrality to the winds.

I am assured by critics whose judgments I may trust that I was wrong in saying that the Morgans shared Lansing's belief that our going into the war would preserve our prosperity; I am assured that some of them did not wish us to go into the war at all. I gladly accept these statements and sincerely express my regret for a contrary belief and consequent criticism. My difficulty was, perhaps, that I could not recall that during those critical months prior to our going into the war in 1917 those of us who were working tooth and nail to keep us out of it ever got any aid or encouragement from any one of them by public statements or in other ways. Nor can I recall from them a warning about what it would mean to American fathers and mothers if we should go into that struggle. How glorious it would have been if they had voiced these feelings publicly at that time! But that does not abate my satisfaction at learning now the truth. It gives me ground for the sincere hope that they will join those of us who are trying to make impossible the recurrence of events which so gravely divided the American people and led us into a struggle the sole outcome of which, plus the treaty of peace, has been the creating of a far worse Germany than that with which we set out to do battle in 1917.

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But when this is said and done, my attitude toward the fundamentals of the war-time situation remains unchanged. I still feel that nothing should be left undone to prevent any recurrence of the conditions under which the Morgan firm assumed the agency in this country for the government of one of the belligerents and proceeded to place contracts for billions of dollars' worth of supplies for the Allies. I repeat my belief that not the best of men can remain unaffected in their judgments as to national policy by such a relationship; that the horde of contractors who profited by the creating of shot and shell and guns were given an incentive, consciously or unconsciously held, to put us into the war on the side of the Allies in order that, as Robert Lansing argued, our great war-created prosperity should continue. I believe —and I am encouraged in this belief by the reactions of not less than 125 audiences I have addressed on this and cognate subjects during the last two years—that the country wants a real neutrality in the next war which will keep us out of it, which means the prevention of any Americans profiting by such a struggle or taking sides in it in a business way. I still think that the merchandising of war materials is a horrible business, to be outlawed and taken over by the government at the first moment possible. Indeed, I dare not describe my feelings about that industry lest my pen and my passion against it again run away with me. But I can say it is a business that no true follower of the Nazarene can consistently touch or in the slightest degree profit by. If this is fanaticism, make the most of it!

Oswald Garrison Villard

Ode to the Liberty League

By STUART CHASE

The Administration was called upon to abandon its spendthrift policies, and to reduce expenditures drastically, in an analysis of the budget prospects of the federal government issued tonight by the American Liberty League.—New York *Times*, October 21, 1935.

THE Liberty League voices the almost unanimous opinion of bankers, big business, and sound citizens generally. It is the loud-speaker of what Veblen used to call the kept classes. The shouts and alarms are passionate, yet the paradox they contain is so gross that it warrants analysis as an exhibit in pathology. In effect the Liberty Leaguers are demanding the abolition of the financial system and the destruction of their own class.

To begin with, we must isolate two motivations now hopelessly confused in the conservative's mind. He protests against government spending primarily on moral grounds, but thinks he rests his case on practical finance. Morals and dollars never have mixed very well, and the effect in this case is convulsive.

The moral motivation derives from a lifelong conditioning to the virtues of thrift, self-help, the avoidance of waste, and the prime importance of production. The pioneer tradition is still strong in the conservative's blood. The notion of common citizens receiving money without working for it is profoundly shocking to his moral sensibilities. The Liberty Leaguer believes in his heart that a worthy man can get a job, even today. He admits, if pressed, that there are millions of unemployed, but there must be something the matter with them; they have a screw loose somewhere; they are lacking in moral fiber; they have failed to take advantage of their opportunities. His unconscious mind, at least, is convinced that the unemployed and the recipients of relief are unworthy, and bitterly resents these people. To one beggar along Fifth Avenue he will give his dime or quarter, but when thirty million beggars, as he considers them, advance cup in hand, he is terrified. The thing must be stopped. It is a moral outrage. Where are the police?

Also in the conservative's mind is, one suspects, a special and peculiar fear. The recipients of government relief are getting something for nothing. He too receives something for nothing. His class lives to no small degree on dollars provided not by work but by accident—the accident of birth or the accident of windfall profits. Something for nothing derived from accidents fits snugly into a compartment in his brain, uncontaminated by the compartment in which are kept moral scruples concerning the virtues of hard work and sturdy independence. The average human brain is packed with just such air-tight, mutually exclusive compartments. Unearned income paid to himself is rationalized as good, true, and beautiful. But what boots a tidy income from one thousand shares of A. T. and T. trusteed by Grandfather Saltonstall, if three million dirt farmers are in receipt of unearned income from the AAA? What price the title of gentleman if a whole nation is to share in the prime privilege of a gentleman—to live on the labor of others? If all are to become gentlemen, who, in heaven's name, is to do the work?

Tortured by these doubts, fears, moral antipathies, and deep unconscious pressures, the conservative must find relief in some positive expression. This is all very natural. No one likes to see his moral code turned upside down; no one, lacking intensive social discipline, is eager to share his privileges with the vulgar. So the distressed gentlemen of the Liberty League and their friends find emotional release in demanding a balanced budget.

This cause not only gives the conservative the satisfaction of vicarious thrift; it promises to preserve the threatened class distinctions. If the federal budget is balanced, the unemployed, the small home-owners, the farmers, will receive a merited reduction in their allowances unless happily they may be cut off altogether. They will be put in their place, well below the salt.

The conservative has never grasped the implications of an abundance economy. He is convinced that the less there is for the other side, the more there is for his side. (Conservative labor leaders share this view.) He thinks in terms of a static quantity of wealth. Therefore to drive the un-

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employed down into the subcellar is to keep himself the more securely on the roof. He feels that every dollar paid for relief is ultimately coming out of his pocket in taxes. He has never appreciated that, in an advanced technology, mass consumption and mass spending are the only guaranty of his income, that production of wealth is a dynamic process, and that the more goods there are for the man in the street, the more goods there may be for the man in the penthouse.

Again, if the budget is not balanced, the professors say we shall have a runaway inflation like that of Germany, when a $20,000 endowment policy would not purchase a straw hat. The conservative quakes for the ultimate solvency of his investments. This quake is legitimate but pitched in the indeterminate future. Not a tremor does he feel for the more ominous threat to his present solvency. It is like a man coming down with pneumonia imploring the doctor to give him an anti-tetanus injection because next summer he may run a nail into his foot.

Demanding a balanced budget is understandable on the assumption that the Liberty Leaguer is a complete automaton, raising his arm when one button is pushed, and saying, "Mamma, mamma," when another is pushed. But if a bare modicum of thought is applied to the situation, it is immediately apparent that balancing the federal budget in the middle of a major depression is about the last conceivable step which a well-kept gentleman who values his survival should advocate. Balancing the budget is admittedly a good thing from the public point of view, other things being equal, and a budget too long out of equilibrium surely will end in runaway inflation. Granted. Other things, however, are not equal, and a budget forced into balance by a drastic reduction of spending would not only crucify the unemployed but prostrate the whole financial mechanism.

The conservative is not arguing *pro bono publico;* he thinks he is saving his own skin from ultimate disaster. Yet in reality he is advocating the immediate annihilation of his class. He is so ignorant of the functioning of the financial system that he pleads for a dose of pecuniary strychnine. It is like a jumper methodically cutting holes in his parachute before he bails out at 10,000 feet. *Stop spending.* Poor innocent, what do you suppose keeps a financial system going except spending? Of what value is production without consumption? Suppose all citizens stopped spending today. Every business in the nation, having paid out in the aggregate billions of dollars in production costs with the goods in all stages of completion, would be faced with not one dollar of revenue to cover these costs. Your precious little capitalism would sink faster than the Vestris. What do you suppose a depression is—not what caused it, but what *is* it? It is a failure of business income to cover business outgo. Dollars which must be spent by consumers to cover costs have been saved, hoarded, diverted, neutralized, have failed to return to the spending stream through private reinvestment—and the sum total of these immobilized dollars measures the extent of the system's deficit to the penny.

Do you suppose the Administration is spending for the fun of it? Do you suppose the lines on the face of Harry Hopkins are those of cosmic glee? What do you think reversed the tailspin, and turned a system deficit of thirteen billions in 1932 into a small surplus in 1934? What do you think opened the banks, stopped the farmers from shutting off the food supply of cities as the holiday movement gained, began to substitute black ink for red on business ledgers? Fairies? Elves? Mickey Mouse? . . . *Spending.* Spending reversed the trend of the national income, opened the banks, relieved the farmers. The United States government took the diverted dollars, frozen in mattresses, safety-deposit boxes, bank deposits, and put them back into the spending stream. And saved your shirts, gentlemen. This profligacy which shocks you so gave back to business dollars it desperately needed, forced income to a level with outgo, and began to push the whole mechanism upward. Balance the budget, forsooth; government spending has balanced the whole financial system. In the good old days the system was balanced by the private reinvestment of savings in productive enterprise. Yet in 1929, according to the Brookings Institution, of total savings of fifteen billions, only five billions could be absorbed in productive enterprise, so great had become the problem of excess industrial capacity. A large fraction of the other ten billions was roaring around Wall Street.

The Liberty Leaguer sees a man with a rake scraping leaves in a park. His eye stops right there. He opens his mouth like a seal in a long, horrified bark. Waste, inefficiency, graft! But if his eye had continued to view the man with the rake, he would have learned that the rake and the leaves and the admitted inefficiency were irrelevant. The man was not there to do a job of production; he was there to do a job of consumption. The government gave him an allowance, pitiful enough in all conscience. He put those dollars in his pocket and went to the First National Stores and *spent them.* The rake has no significance; the transaction in the grocery store has every significance. With its consummation the distributor began to cover his costs, and to transmit dollars to manufacturers, who began to cover their costs, and transmit dollars to farmers, who began to cover their costs—and what was deficit and loss began to turn into equilibrium and balance. If the man had never taken up the rake, the vivifying effect of government spending would have occurred just the same.

One can legitimately quarrel with the methods employed by the government in its spending. Perhaps it would have been better to have rerouted the immobilized dollars by income tax rather than by borrowing and so to have prevented an increase in public debt. Personally, I believe it would have been far better, although the taxing of all incomes above $50,000 would probably not have provided enough spending to bring the system into equilibrium. Perhaps the government should have borrowed at a lower rate of interest, or without interest. Perhaps the banks should have been nationalized. Perhaps the entire debt burden should have been scaled down on some equitable formula. Perhaps work relief was a mistake, and only durable public works plus straight relief should have provided the spending medium. Perhaps work-relief wage rates were all wrong. Plenty of room for argument—useful argument, constructive argument. But as to the basic fact of spending there is no argument whatsoever. It had to be done, and it did not make much financial difference how it was done so long as the dollars were taken out of the refrigerator and put to work.

If you measure the increase in the national income since 1932, you will find that it approximates government spending—say, eight billion dollars in the last two and

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one-half years. If you look at a combined balance sheet of all the nation's banks, you will find that the upward movement of deposits is all accounted for by increases in government loans. Private industry, with an excess capacity placed by the Brookings Institution at 50 per cent in 1932, was in no position to borrow the immobilized dollars and spend them for expansion. It is probable that opportunities for profitable investment are still far short of the amount required to balance the system. Somebody must continue to close the gap, or back we go to 1932.

There is no moral issue here at all. There is a mathematical equation. What goes up must come down. Dollars which go out as outgo must come back as income, or the dollar system splits wide open. If as a manufacturer you put a million dollars into production and sales total only half a million, where do you presently land? Private business could not get the dollars back, and the government had enough sense of reality to seize them where they were impounded and force them back. This is your profligacy, gentlemen. You were sinking. The government threw you a life line and hauled you aboard. And now you fill the front pages with agonized complaints that government has no right to throw out life preservers and haul citizens aboard. In my more irritable moments I sometimes wish that the life line had never been thrown, and that you had sunk to a man. The trouble with this picture is that the rest of us would have sunk with you.

Today, in late 1935, there is an argument which conservatives might logically advance. It might be claimed that public spending did save the system, but now that equilibrium has been recovered, on a lower level to be sure, spending should be reduced, the federal budget balanced in due course, and natural forces allowed to reassert themselves. Any such fair and decent statement the members of the Liberty League do not permit themselves; at least, if they have done so, I have not had the pleasure of seeing it. No. They admit nothing. Their whole attack has been tight-lipped, long-nosed, fanatically ungenerous and intolerant, incredibly paradoxical and stupid, as we have seen.

If there is a conservative with some comprehension of the system which feeds him, and some touch of human fairness and decency in his character, his path today is clear. He will first admit that government spending saved his economic life—an honorable salute before the foils are crossed. He will then declare that he does not like the way the government performs its job as investment banker and rerouter of dollars, that the diversion of savings into relief was necessary in a desperate emergency but is quite useless as a permanent program. He prefers private investment, private banking, private allocation of saved funds. Well and good. He must then proceed to a detailed description of ways and means whereby private industry and investment can generate enough spending to put the unemployed to productive labor and balance the dollar system. Or, if this program eludes him—I confess it eludes me—he will say: "Confound it, I am afraid the government must stay in the picture as official spender for such and such an annual amount, but present methods are wasteful and impermanent and should be superseded by other methods, to wit: a, b, and c. I propose to fight for these methods and call on all men who love their country to fight with me. By virtue of them, not only will the system maintain equilibrium, but in due course we can expect the federal budget to be brought into balance, and so emasculate the threat of inflation."

This is probably over much to expect from any member of the Liberty League. The gentlemen are too busy expressing emotion to pause for thought—or even common courtesy. Their crusade is a moral, not a rational one. One wonders if the gods are sardonically depriving them of their wits before destroying them.

Football: Hope of American Education

By LEFT WING

"FOOTBALL has become the supreme purpose of American education," said Governor Davy of Ohio, commenting on the fact that a good part of the Ohio State football team was on the state pay roll. Though it was somewhat unusual for a governor to make such a statement, it is no particular secret to anyone who can read that football teams all over the country are composed of boys subsidized through college in various ways, ranging from the polite method of the effete East, where rich graduates with an interest in sport like George Whitney raise slush funds for Harvard football captains, to the Ohio State system of frankly putting them on a government pay roll, or that of Oklahoma City, where the players serve on the local fire department for from $25 to $95 a month. Everyone knows this. What is worse, no one cares. Or if they do care, their hands are tied.

Originally only the players and an occasional badly paid coach found their lives affected by football. But the game has grown in importance during the last fifty years until at present the whole university hierarchy is tied up with football in a way little imagined by outsiders. Nor does this mean only the huge army of camp followers, those who profit directly—the well-paid coaching staff, the athletic organizers and directors, the sporting-goods manufacturers, and the merchants in town who cater to 80,000 spectators over the week-end of Homecoming Day. The president and also the humblest instructor are affected by football.

Possibly the president more than anyone else, more than the coach and the players. Funds for a state university such as that at Champaign or Urbana or Ann Arbor come from the appropriation bills of the legislature. When Dr. Rightmire or Dr. Willard comes before the lawmakers to plead his cause, the task will be easier if he can point with pride to a championship conference eleven of the previous fall. Nor is the head of an endowed college likely to look with reluctance on a winning team, for the rich graduates on whom he depends for contributions to the alumni fund are willing to shell out more cash when the coaching staff can turn in a fair share of victories in a season. They want results, those rich graduates, and the pressure on the presi-

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dent may become so great that you will have the spectacle of a college going openly into the market and buying a team outright as Princeton did several years ago.

Moreover, the president must keep up the undergraduate enrolment. And in the scramble for students going on everywhere in the country today, the college with the winning football team is most attractive. Also, students spend money in town, and the merchants are only too glad to assist the president to bring pressure on the legislature for an extra appropriation to build a new physics lab. Even the graduates benefit by a victorious eleven, for it enables them to throw out their chests as Sewanee men and makes a nice topic of conversation when they move around among their classmates to sell insurance.

Why not? say the supporters of the existing order. Why shouldn't the boys be allowed to work their way through college? Nothing dishonorable about that. No crime if a few hundred lads who otherwise wouldn't have the benefit of a college education are granted a look into academic shades because of their athletic prowess. Why shouldn't boys in state colleges be given state jobs to help them through? No one objects to scholars being given assistance. Why should a man be penalized for being a good athlete? Often he may turn out to be a scholar also.

The answer is found in the logical result of such practices—the hiring of a gang of paid janissaries to represent the university in sport. Football is taken out of the realm of games and made a vast, professionalized racket, streaked with gambling, gangsters, and the other defects of boxing and horse racing. But the thing goes deeper than this, for neither football as a game nor the particular boys concerned are of first importance in the world. It goes back to fundamentals which are of great importance—to the meaning of the word education, to the question who should go to college.

If colleges are training schools for professional football players who will some day graduate into the big leagues, paying boys to learn the game is all very well. Otherwise the reasoning that asks why athletes shouldn't be given scholarships is fallacious. The system which it defends puts a premium on brawn rather than intelligence, a commodity more needed in the country just now than brawn. It makes educational opportunities depend not on the candidate's intellectual potentialities but on the size of his biceps. It selects those proficient in athletics rather than those likely to profit by the quickening experience of educational processes. In choosing candidates for college it neglects the sensitive and intelligent boy for the specialist in athletics.

What of it? is the reply. What if the system is undemocratic? It only affects a handful of men in each university. But, as a matter of fact, everyone in the university is affected, directly or indirectly. If you don't think the teaching staff is affected, you ought to listen to some instructor, trying to live on a few hundred dollars a year, when he hears his salary has been cut again because of a lowered appropriation from the legislature. Naturally the undergraduates are affected; they come to believe that football is all-important in the educational scheme, that good coaches, winning teams, and victory in this bullfight of the American nation are the things that really count. A false standard of values prevails, with the result that these boys carry the worship of the game into their later lives. As graduates they haunt the university campus each Saturday, hoping the team will win, and when it loses they become unbalanced and childish.

Everyone in educational circles is aware of this, but nothing can be done. The president can't be a real leader; his hands are tied. Isolated colleges may abandon the game in disgust, interest in football may fade in particular colleges as the intellectual life of the institution quickens for a few years, Carnegie Foundations may publish platitudes about the professionalization of sport; but these are not remedies. The implications are much wider.

At one time it looked as if the problem were a hopeless one. But strangely enough it may be solved from the most unexpected quarter, by football itself. Ten years ago a few professional promoters searching for new sources of revenue saw the gold in the football hills and started digging. They have been digging so industriously that the professional game, which was a joke in 1925 and a feeble imitation of the college game in 1930, is now firmly established, putting on a far better show than most universities. Gradually the sporting public is realizing that the Chicago Bears or the Brooklyn Dodgers play more colorful football than Pennsylvania or Princeton, and is paying cash to watch the pros. There is every reason to believe that in fifteen years or less these well-drilled professional teams will draw the clients who now swarm into college stadiums.

That will mean the collapse of the football bubble in so-called institutions of learning. It will mean the gradual lessening of pressure by the graduates, as football in colleges begins to hold the same relation to the professional game that college baseball does to the big leagues today. It will mean that the president can no longer use the championship conference eleven as an advertising medium to attract students, that he cannot count on a satisfactory season as a means of extracting money from complacent graduates, that a victorious eleven will not be a lever to raise the university budget in the annual appropriation bill in the state legislature. It will mean that the day of college football masquerading as amateur athletics will be over. It will mean the saving of education from one of the things that have made it a laughing-stock among intelligent people.

With the football pressure off our educational system, educational advances will be made. But we need more than this; we need also a change in our attitude toward college, something more difficult to obtain. Our ideas regarding the ultimate purposes of education are badly in need of revamping. It is not enough to clean out the hired athletes who come to a university with the idea of playing football. We ought to change the attitude which looks without disgust at young men sitting around fraternity houses playing bridge for four years, which considers it perfectly all right for a boy to go to college to make friends, or to be trained for the arduous duties of a bond salesman. We need to start in our primary and secondary schools to teach our youth that a college education entails a serious obligation to the community; we need to weed out the lazy, the incompetent, the shiftless, as well as those who for other reasons are unable to benefit by a real education. We must teach our youth to feel that college is an opportunity given them for work and growth, not a country club or a sanitarium where they can be immured four years without danger of infection from the intellectual virus. Until this attitude is prevalent, not even football can save American education.

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Government Subsidy and Italian Trade

By PETER EHLERS

> This government is determined not to become involved in the controversy and is anxious for the restoration and maintenance of peace. However, in the course of war, tempting trade opportunities may be offered to our people to supply materials which would prolong the war. I do not believe that the American people . . . would wish the struggles on the battlefield to be prolonged because of profits accruing to a comparatively small number of Americans. Accordingly, the American government is keeping informed as to all shipments consigned for export to both belligerents.—President Roosevelt, in his "warning" to business men, October 30.
>
> Informally, in response to questions at his press conference, Mr. Roosevelt said that a watchful eye was being kept not only on direct shipments [of raw materials] but also on those from the United States that might be transshipped from other countries to the belligerents—The New York *Times*, October 31.
>
> Reports which have been made to me by appropriate authorities in the executive branch of the government have shown that some American shipping companies have engaged in practices and abuses which should and must be ended.—President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress on ship subsidies, March 4, 1935.

THESE are plain words, but since they were uttered things have happened to show that the New Deal is again trying to work both sides of the street. The Administration has not only kept a watchful eye on the flow of raw materials to Europe. It has actually encouraged the flow. And in doing so it has once again prostituted itself to the ship-subsidy ring. In the first instance the encouragement had a relatively small application, but it was definite and official, and it can be construed as setting a policy. In the second, a subsidy deal of the Hoover regime which smelled so strongly that the Roosevelt Administration on assuming office immediately blocked its completion has been revived and given official blessing.

On November 5, barely a week after the President had issued his "warning," the Department of Commerce reported that "never in years has there been such activity at the port of New Orleans." "Fleets of cargo ships and tankers [are] leaving Gulf ports with cotton and oil for Italy, despite President Roosevelt's warning against shipments of such materials to belligerents," the *Times* said in giving the Department of Commerce's figures. All advices from New Orleans run, and for a month have been running, the same way. The port is choked. Thousands of bales of cotton await shipment, not only to Italy but to England and northern Continental ports as well. How much transshipment there is from the latter to Italy is not ascertainable. England is unquestionably using great quantities of cotton in its munitions plants, but the transshipment is heavy at the Continental ports at least. Meanwhile, shipping rates in the Gulf have gone up. Anything that floats is being chartered and put into the stream of vessels bound out of New Orleans for Europe.

On November 5, the same day that the Department of Commerce recognized this activity, the Shipping Board Bureau of the department, as the United Press put it in a short and inconspicuous dispatch, "chartered eight of its vessels to Lykes Brothers, of New Orleans, to break the shipping jam at Gulf of Mexico ports. . . . The vessels will be available immediately and are chartered on the basis of 25 cents [per] dead-weight ton a month and a fifty-fifty division of profits with the government. . . . Officials were unable to say whether any of the cotton might later find its way to Italy."

This is indeed keeping a watchful eye on exports of military raw materials. The whole process is the classic one whereby a nation acquires a commercial stake in what appears to be a certain and early war between several other nations. How those nations later line up makes little difference. Nor does the question of credits necessarily enter into it. The goods are moving, and they are giving a real or seeming return on invested capital. As soon as that return is threatened, the business interests will maneuver the government and public opinion into support of active participation. It may be that Italy will get none of the cotton shipped on the eight vessels. Yet their addition to the total of ships available at New Orleans makes possible the sailing of other ships direct to Italy. The number of ships involved is for practical purposes small, but the request of the Lykes Brothers was before the Department of Commerce for more than two weeks; and the government's decision, therefore, was a considered one and shows which way the wind is blowing. It is blowing in the direction of "tempting trade opportunities."

So much for the Administration's good intentions in keeping the country out of war. What of the ships and the agreement by which they were chartered? Who are the Lykes Brothers? Do they deserve special consideration from the government? The answers are to be found in a detailed report made to President Roosevelt by one of his Cabinet members, Postmaster General Farley. The report, along with similar reports on other shipping companies, got very little notice from the press except in general terms.

The Lykes brothers are the shipping lords of the Gulf, comparable to the Franklins of the International Mercantile Marine on the Atlantic Coast, and the Dollars on the Pacific. Of the many brothers and other members of the family associated in the business, James M. Lykes, president, and Joseph T. Lykes, vice-president, are the most important. R. E. Tipton, vice-president, is probably third in line. The Lykes Brothers Steamship Company, Inc., is at the top of a string of subsidiaries, the most important of which are the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Steamship Company, Inc., and the Tampa Interocean Steamship Company. The parent company also controls stevedoring, tugboat and towing, machine-shop and foreign-agency subsidiaries in New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Beaumont, Tampa, Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, and Havana. It has six subsidized steamship lines running from Gulf ports to (1) Port-au-Prince and Santo Domingo City; (2) Spanish and Portuguese ports; (3) Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg-Bremen, Copenhagen, Gdynia, Oslo, Helsingfors, Kronstadt, Leningrad, Murmansk, and Archangel; (4) all the principal ports in the British Isles;

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(5) Italian, northern African, Greek, and Turkish ports; and (6) the Far East, the Straits Settlements, and India. One mail contract covers the last four lines, which are operated by the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Company. If the mail contracts are not canceled, the Lykes interests will have received from them alone—excluding construction-loan subsidies and the realistically styled "lump-sum" subsidies—$35,622,063.

In their several years' operations in tapping the national treasury, the Lykeses have used all the tricks of the trade. For example, in the case of the steamer Margaret Lykes, which had been certified for the $4-per-mile subsidy rating of thirteen knots on the basis that its logs indicated it could make that speed, a former first officer testified that he had been instructed to falsify the log to show weather conditions worse than those actually noted. The ship, of course, could not make thirteen knots; and after a test proved it, the government found that it had paid out $437,000 in excess of what the ship would have received under its proper ten-knot speed classification. The ship was bought from the old Shipping Board for $25,000; it was reconditioned at a cost of about $143,000. This, incidentally, is the total contribution of the Lykes interests to the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, despite all the clauses in the mail contracts for the building of new vessels.

Although the ships in the last four of the six lines mentioned are at present owned by the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Company and operated under a mail contract, they were, until early in 1933, owned by the Shipping Board and operated by the Lykeses under the lump-sum subsidy plan. This meant simply that the government handed over so much cash per voyage. At first the amount was $7,000 per voyage, starting August 15, 1930. On September 18, 1931, the Lykeses complained to the Shipping Board that "a thorough analysis of the operations of the first year's sailings conclusively shows that there will be no profit to the operator and very probably an actual loss." Whereupon the board raised the largess to $14,500 per voyage. The Black committee could find no evidence that the board had investigated the "loss," but it did find by examining the company's books that up to September 18, 1931, there had been a profit of approximately $100,000.

Despite the increased lump sums the Lykeses were still not happy. The mail contracts looked even better. In April, 1932, T. V. O'Connor, chairman of the Shipping Board, agreed to sell the ships comprising the four lines to the Lykes Brothers–Ripley, "subject to the granting of a mail contract." The Lykeses, O'Connor wrote to Postmaster General Brown, would accept $2,500,000 yearly in mail pay.

There were fifty-two ships in the four lines. Most of them were ten or twelve years old, halfway through their lives. Joseph T. Lykes went to Washington and dictated the terms of the group mail contract, such as the number of sailings on each branch. Some unconstructive official suggested that as the mail-contract bids, according to law, were to be let competitively, and as there were four lines running to almost all parts of the world, no one but the Lykes firm could bid for the contract, and hence there would be no competitive bidding. To this, Joseph T. Lykes replied:

> Yes, that is quite true; it will substantially or practically, I will say, limit competition [in the bidding] as far as we can see, and very frankly, that is one reason why we want it in one contract.

The question then arose of whether the Comptroller General would balk. Perhaps the contract had better be submitted to him. Lykes argued against this and was backed by Assistant Postmaster Glover. The Lykeses and their lobbyists then began to send a stream of letters and telegrams to President Hoover and members of his Cabinet, urging the letting of the contract. On January 18, 1933, with little time left, the willing Brown certified the four lines as an "ocean mail route which should be established and operated for the carrying of the mails." The next day Hardin B. Arledge, chief Washington lobbyist for the Lykeses, wired them that the Shipping Board's certification of the size and speed of the vessels to be sold "has been prepared and will be approved at 2:30 this afternoon, sent to post office by special messenger, and . . . advertisement will go out tonight." The advertisement was essentially that dictated by the Lykeses and their agents. There was, however, one clause that the Lykeses had fought: it contained a provision for segregation of funds for reconstruction and reconditioning of ships. But they managed to get into the clause an "Article 12" which said that the requirement might be modified "with the prior written approval of the Postmaster General."

The "bids" were opened on February 20. The only bidder was the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Steamship Company—at the maximum rates allowed by law. Brown accepted the bid on the same day. A week later, evidence in the files of the Black committee shows, Brown signed a letter written by Arledge, the lobbyist, to the chairman of the Shipping Board in which he declared, "I see no necessity for Article 12 in the board's contract, and if my consent is required to permit the elimination of Article 12 it is hereby given."

The agreement with the Shipping Board to buy the ships had been reached in April, 1932, but the sale was not executed until February 17, 1933, when the mail contract was a certainty. The construction cost of the fifty-two ships was $97,908,893. The Shipping Board valued them at the time of the sale at $7,877,944. The ships, of course, were worth far more than that, and someone should be held responsible for the revaluation. Yet all that Lykes Brothers had to pay for the fleet of fifty-two vessels was $2,026,005! This was at the rate of $5.04 per ton. And the records show that the Lykeses had indicated to the Shipping Board in 1930 that they would pay $18.28 per ton. The Isthmian Line, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, offered to buy part of the fleet at $12 a ton, and without a mail contract. The Shipping Board negotiated the sale of the ships to the Lykeses without competitive bidding.

The whole deal, it will be noted, was railroaded through a few days before the Hoover Administration went out of office. By March 4 all but nine of the vessels had been delivered to the Lykeses. All but one—one of the nine—had been put in operating shape by the government. The Roosevelt Administration held up the delivery of the nine vessels and turned the case over to the Department of Justice. On October 30 of this year it was reported that the department "had not concluded its consideration of the matter."

But Mr. Roper's Shipping Board Bureau of the Department of Commerce has given the ships back to the boys anyhow. Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, of the department, who accommodated the Lykeses, explained that because of the Lykes contract the government could not turn the ships over to any other operator. He was going to give them the ships

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without the mail-carrying subsidy provided in the contract, but they held fast for two weeks on their demand for their subsidy. It was finally given to them with the provision that it be counted as profit (the truth will out) and that half of the total profits be given to the government, as has already been noted. What the net profit will be remains to be seen. The Lykeses have tugboat and stevedoring subsidiaries.

It is hard to see how this return of the ships does other than give New Deal sanction to the malodorous transaction of February, 1933.

When President Roosevelt sent to Congress his ship-subsidy message, from which an excerpt appears at the head of this article, he sent along with it a summary report on all mail contracts—a report that had been made to him by Postmaster General Farley. The newspaper stories of that day elaborated on the President's denunciation of "practices and abuses which should and must be ended" by quoting from the Farley summary. That summary was supplemental to the detailed reports on the individual mail contracts, which were made public some time later, and it dealt with the subsidy stench in general terms. It cited total figures for all the contracts; it pointed out the trend toward deterioration in the American merchant marine; it rehearsed the broad methods by which the government had been bilked of its money. One case, however, seemed bad enough to merit specific description, and the papers gave it a prominent place in their stories on the President's message. That was the case of the Lykes Brothers–Ripley and their acquisition of a $27,000,000 mail-carrying contract for a vessel investment of about $2,000,000.

How will the President's apologists explain all this? They are in for some heavy overtime. When they have finished they will have another job on their hands. They will have to explain how the New Deal can, on the one hand, issue apparently sincere statements on its intention of keeping the United States out of war, and, on the other, encourage the business interests in their traffic in war materials. As this is written, Secretary Hull—with the approval of the President—has just declared that "the American people are entitled to know that there are certain commodities, such as oil, copper, trucks, tractors, scrap iron, and scrap steel, which are essential war materials, although not actually arms, ammunition, or implements of war, and that according to recent government trade reports a considerably increased amount of these is being exported for war purposes." (He strangely omits cotton, exports of which have also considerably increased.) Such commerce is "directly contrary to the policy of this government." Does Secretary Hull, and does the President, believe that the American people are entitled to know that "this government" had a hand in stimulating the flow of the very commerce it professes to restrict?

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Finance

New York City Transit

TO those who still believe that the stock exchanges should regulate themselves, the study of two cases involving charges of market manipulation is recommended. The contrast between them is illuminating. The case of Mr. Michael J. Meehan is before the Securities and Exchange Commission. If found guilty, he may be suspended or expelled from the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Meehan conducted the pool which ran RCA stock up from 85 to 570 in 1929. He is accused of having performed a similar service for Bellanca Aircraft stock to "prepare the market" for the issuance of new shares by that corporation. The other case involved charges that New York City transit stocks were being rigged. This was handled by the business-conduct committee of the Stock Exchange. After six weeks of study, the committee handed in a verdict of not guilty. The transit charges were originally made by A. A. Berle, Jr., the representative of New York City in negotiating unification of its transit facilities into one publicly owned system. There has been a holiday in New York transit stocks since the negotiations began, for unification will make possible the exchange of deteriorating securities for city corporate stock and new transit bonds.

It will be recalled that the Securities and Exchange Act forbids anyone "to effect, alone or with one or more other persons, a series of transactions in any security registered on a national securities exchange creating actual or apparent active trading in such security, or raising or depressing the price of such security, for the purpose of inducing the purchase or sale of such security by others." In the light of what has been going on in New York transit stocks, the business-conduct committee of the Stock Exchange turned in a rather odd report. It did, indeed, discover that "a non-member of the Exchange, who is an officer of the Manhattan Railway Company, and his personal holding company, and members of his family, *purchased and sold* substantial amounts of these securities." But it must have been all in fun, for "there is no evidence that these transactions were calculated or intended to raise or depress the price of these securities." Instead of recommending punishment, the committee dismisses a violation of the law: "In three instances, involving an aggregate of nine Interborough Rapid Transit 6 per cent bonds, orders to buy given by a non-member to one house met selling orders given by the same non-member to another house. The committee on business conduct has directed that these transactions, which involved no change of ownership, shall be canceled." Nathan L. Amster, president of the Manhattan Railway, admitted that he "might be the officer mentioned" but denied that he was responsible for the wash sales. Mr. Berle, a member of the Stock Exchange's advisory committee, thought the investigation "thorough and its findings justified."

Mr. Berle's easy acceptance of a report which "cancels" a violation of the law is surprising. Equally surprising are the prices that he and Samuel Seabury propose that New York City shall pay for the stocks and bonds of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and the Manhattan Railway, both of which have been in receivership for more than three years. The Manhattan's elevated lines are more than a half-century old and headed for the junkyard. The city is to pay dollar for dollar in cash and 4 per cent transit bonds for the Manhattan's 4 per cent first-mortgage bonds, although they have sold as low as $50 this year and can now be bought for $70. Prices almost as favorable are being paid for the other outstanding bonds and notes of the Interborough and its subsidiary, the Manhattan. In foreclosure there is little doubt that the stock equity in both would be pretty well wiped out. Revenues of the Interborough-Manhattan system will decline farther as New York completes its own municipally operated system. Interborough common hasn't had a dividend since 1919. It sold for as low as 2¼ before the prospect of unification revived it, and it can be bought now for around $20. But the city will pay $35 a share. It is a pity our other corporate bankrupts cannot find fairy godmothers.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Correspondence

Deportation Follows Acquittal

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Deportation proceedings have been started in San Francisco against Jack Warnick, one of the acquitted Sacramento criminal-syndicalism defendants. Warnick was arrested by an immigration inspector on October 3 and released the following day on $1,000 bail posted by friends. The basis for the warrant of arrest is past membership in the Communist Party. In fact, the evidence on which he is held consists of membership books in the Communist Party and the International Labor Defense, which were exhibits in the Sacramento trial.

The entire proceeding smacks of double jeopardy and persecution. The charge in Sacramento included membership in an organization advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence. An acquittal resulted. Now, the same charge is supported by the same evidence as cause for deportation.

Warnick was born in Montreal, Canada, twenty-eight years ago. He came to this country with his parents when he was less than two years of age. Here he attended the public schools and graduated from the University of Washington. In addition, he did a year and a half of graduate work at the University of California. Despite all this, the government seeks his deportation to Canada, where he is a total stranger. Incidentally, it would prevent him from continuing his monthly visits to Tehachapie state penitentiary, where his wife, Caroline Decker, is serving one to fourteen years as a result of her conviction in the Sacramento case.

Warnick's defense is being conducted under the auspices of the Northern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

San Francisco, October 11 ERNEST BESIG

"Wuthering Heights" Is a Fine Book

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just finished reading the second article in your series, Our Critics: Right or Wrong. You have almost convinced me that in my taste for modern novels I am an anti-intellectual. I did think "The Constant Nymph" and "Arrowsmith" the finest novels published during the last ten or fifteen years. I did find "The Magic Mountain" boring in spite of personal experience with sanatoria for the tuberculous.

However, I must add that after reading "Wuthering Heights" recently I was at once made aware of the poverty of recent literature. Beside this novel, most recent fiction, both "intellectual" and "anti-intellectual," sinks into insignificance.

Brooklyn, November 10 BERNARD J. FRIED

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Address His Honor

To the Editors of The Nation:

We wish to report another attempt to prevent the use of the telegraph as a medium for mass protest. The following telegram sent by the Committee to Support Southern Textile Organization to the Supreme Court of North Carolina was refused as illegal:

> We, a group of writers, artists, and professionals demand dismissal of charges against six textile workers accused of dynamiting Holt Plaid Mill. These workers given unfair trial based on false testimony of untrustworthy witnesses. We demand their immediate release.

The committee was informed that "it is against the law to send such a message by wire to any court in the United States . . . it is permissible to send it to an individual judge."

We wish to inform your readers that in the future all telegrams of this sort should be addressed to an individual justice of the court.

Committee to Support Southern
New York, October 29 Textile Organization

A Criticism of "Our Critics"

To the Editors of The Nation:

In the first instalment of their series, Our Critics: Right or Wrong, Miss Marshall and Miss McCarthy have seriously misrepresented my opinion of Bromfield by the simple device of lifting a sentence out of its context. They do not say that this was the fifth Bromfield book I had reviewed for *The Nation*, and that in all four previous reviews I had been excessively critical of that talented and promising writer, nor do they give their readers the slightest inkling that the sentence quoted is misleading when taken out of its context. The review began by saying that Bromfield knew how to write a book that sounded like a major novel, and wasn't. It observed that his smooth reminiscent style lacked the wit and pungency of the writers on whom he modeled himself. It added that "The Strange Case" was a rattling good yarn, and summed up thus:

> Granted that one traces on every page the literary influences that have worked on Bromfield as one traces them in almost all writers of importance, granted that he went for a while to school to the same sibylline oracle from whom Mr. Anderson learned some of the tricks of his style, granted that Mr. Horace J. Winnery and Bessie Cudlip are reminiscent of the best English literary whimsical tradition, and that Mr. Winnery's nephew's interest in the mystery of Annie Spragg is reminiscent of Brother Juniper's interest in "The Bridge," and that the sprightly vivacity of the style sometimes falls down to the level of the first sentence of Aunt Bessie's Tale—"She was not a bad girl, not really"—granted even that Mr. Bromfield never writes any unforgettable sentences or surprises us by unforeseen felicities, this is nevertheless an exhilarating, intelligent, and often brilliant book.

In asking for this correction I am far from giving assent to Miss Marshall's and Miss McCarthy's apparent contention that the only honest reviewer is a caveman with a bludgeon. As a reviewer I have been if anything too stiff-necked and intransigent, defending my own opinion against the world; yet I have also kept close in mind the belief that it were better to let a hundred moderately good writers go unchastised, than to kill, or warp, or even fail to salute one genuine talent.

New York, October 22 Alice Beal Parsons

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE *in* MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specialising Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

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Section IV. Married Courtship
Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

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—Ethel Mannin in the *New Leader*

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Labor and Industry

Class Warfare in Alaska

By IRVIN GOODMAN

AN ambulance shrieked its siren as it sped past my hotel window en route to the Alaska-Juneau gold mine a few blocks down the street. "Another scab hurt," muttered a striking miner standing just outside. "Guess that's four of them today." That was in July. At this writing the strike is still on and thirty-three workers are now on trial on riot charges and face sentences of from three to fifteen years. Bail has been set at $3,000 for each.

The mine, one of the largest in the world, is the main industry in Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a town of 5,500 people situated a thousand miles northwest of Seattle, surrounded by the waters of Gastineau Channel and by Mount Juneau and Mount Roberts, and accessible only by boat and plane. It employs 900 men, whose wages are the primary source of revenue for the town's various small shopkeepers, including the operators of twenty-eight liquor stores and beer joints.

For years there was no labor trouble at the mine. The miners worked 7 days a week, 365 days a year except for the holidays of July Fourth and Christmas, and received wages ranging from $3.50 to $6 a day—"bulldoze kings" got $7.50 a day because of the constantly perilous nature of their work. The owners received handsome profits. P. R. Bradley, president of the company, a resident of San Francisco, where the head office is located, drew a yearly salary of $19,640; L. H. Metzgar, resident superintendent, one of $16,500; the two also shared a $20,000 bonus.

But the miners' living costs began steadily to mount. For a single man board and room at a boarding-house averaged $50 a month. For a married man with a small family, house rent was $40 a month. A ton of coal cost $18. Groceries and foodstuffs generally were about 22 per cent higher than in Seattle and Portland. And the miners faced other problems. With an increased supply of surplus labor, the mine ceased paying the bonuses which it had formerly added to wages. Then, too, working conditions were very unsafe. From May, 1933, to May, 1935, thirteen of the 400 miners working underground were killed, an average of one about every two months. As many more were injured, some permanently disabled.

Necessity forced action, and in February, 1934, after a meeting arranged for a speaker from the National Miners' Union, five hundred miners named a committee of fifteen, which subsequently organized the Alaska Mine Workers' Union, Local 1. Al Nygren, a husky young miner, a former University of Washington football and rowing star, was elected vice-president but soon became, and has remained, president.

Shortly afterward the owners increased wages 85 cents a day and granted a six-day week. But the embryonic union demanded recognition, a daily wage increase of $1.15 for all workers in the mine, revision of the contract system to insure the equal distribution of bonuses among all contract workers, and safe working conditions. To enforce these demands a strike was called for May 22, 1935. This was the first major strike to occur in Alaska since 1916.

The mine was completely closed by the strike, and the town began to feel the effects. Days went by; the union picketed en masse and stood firm for its demands. President Bradley wired that operations should "remain suspended until the present impasse is settled." But the merchants complained. Their income from miners' purchases dwindled. Something must be done. On June 9 the city council, headed by Mayor Isadore Goldstein, a prosperous merchant, called a secret meeting of miners to vote whether the strike should continue or the miners return to work. Voting was conducted in the office of the collector of customs in the federal building, Alaska's capitol; the miners established a picket line and counted only seventy voters, among whom were about fifty officials and clerical employees. Ballots were also mailed to employees and circulated on the street. But the sponsors of the election were obviously dissatisfied with the results, and on June 11 the mayor and the city council inserted a large advertisement in the *Daily Alaska Empire* which announced that a special secret strike election would be held on June 13 at the City Hall, where "no interference or picketing from either side will be tolerated and all voting will be absolutely secret. . . . It is the duty of the mayor and council of the city of Juneau to provide means for the men to vote, and we assure all that this duty will be carried out." Here, too, the miners established a picket line.

On June 15 the mine-owners inserted an advertisement in the *Empire* announcing the following election results: "Votes to return to work, 461; votes after polls closed, to return to work, 52; percentage of spoiled ballots, to return to work, 48; one-half of number of men who went away, 37; number of union members who would undoubtedly have voted to go to work, 100; total, 698; total entitled to vote, 885." "It is increasingly evident," the advertisement continued, "that the strike was called and is being conducted by a small minority of the total number of employees. In view of the information at hand, it is fair to ask how long this minority shall be allowed to deprive so many people of their means of livelihood, and so seriously hinder, handicap, and jeopardize the very existence of much of the business of the community. We are ready and willing to resume operations." The union demanded to see the votes, at all times shrouded by the city fathers in utmost secrecy, and when its demands were steadfastly refused, denounced the election as a fraud.

It was again clear that the election had been a failure and that A. M. W. U. members had not voted to return to work. For the mine remained completely closed; the union stood firm. As their next step, the mine-owners, using the merchants, the city council, the city attorneys, who lobbied for them in the last territorial legislative session, and the police force as their willing tools, organized a company union, called the Juneau Mine Workers' Association, and a force of vigilantes. A showdown was imminent.

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On June 24 members of the company union, guarded by police and vigilantes, marched toward the mine to register for work. As they passed the striking union's hall, a group of strikers who had assembled outside sought to dissuade the marchers. But the strikers were answered by police clubs, vigilantes' clubs—single-jack handles furnished by hardware merchants—and threats of fire truck and hose; and a terrific battle ensued. The bare-fisted strikers, although slugged with deadly weapons, fought back courageously. One striker, an Alaska resident for more than twenty years and the father of two children, was knocked to the ground and brutally beaten with a loaded sap wielded by a merchant vigilante. Rushed to St. Ann's hospital, in which Superintendent Metzgar is vitally interested, he was confined there for twelve days; his family meanwhile was refused relief, and he was later billed for $59.50. Other strikers were also brutally beaten; the wife of one was knocked to the ground and trampled upon, the wife of another fainted. The strikers, however, maintain that but for the ultimate use of tear gas against them, they would have held the marchers back and kept them from reaching the mine.

The mine-owners used another strike-breaking weapon. Sixteen workers, including two members of the International Longshoremen's Association, were arrested upon riot charges. The rumor was current that the imprisoned workers, who were later released on bail, would be immediately freed, charges against them and the other arrested workers dropped, threats of evictions from homes stopped, grocery, light, and power credit restored, if they would only return to work in the mine. The workers, however, emphatically refused to purchase freedom by turning scab and countered by placing their defense in the hands of the newly formed Alaska Miners' Defense Committee, formed by eleven organizations, including the local International Labor Defense with over a hundred members. The committee at once undertook a broad mass campaign, and has made constant visits to Governor John W. Troy at his office and home demanding dismissal of the cases and release of all imprisoned workers.

The mine, which was completely closed during the first forty-five days of the strike, now operates three shifts with skeleton crews composed largely of imported newcomers and an undetermined number of former A. M. W. U. employees who finally yielded to threats of eviction from their homes and of curtailment of credit for groceries, light, and power. The A. M. W. U., now affiliated with the A. F. of L. International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, stands firm for enforcement of its demands. "And your opinion of the future?" I asked the militant Nygren, who is much admired by his fellow-workers. "One immediate hope," he answered, "lies in the continued stoppage of such supplies as mining machinery, heavy and light steel rails, steel grinding balls, dynamite, and carbide, which can only reach Juneau by water. Hence, with the support of the I. L. A. and I. S. U., our strike, barring unforeseen circumstances, should eventually force closing of the mine for lack of supplies, the present surplus only permitting operation for about two or three months."

[*Next week Heywood Broun will resume his regular articles in the Labor and Industry section of* The Nation.]

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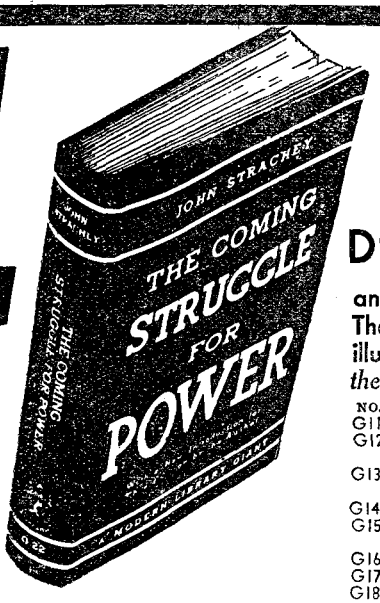

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Books and Drama

Addresses to the Middle Class

The Crisis of the Middle Class. By Lewis Corey. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Insurgent America. By Alfred M. Bingham. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE are clear signs on every hand that the current depression is not just another temporary downswing of a long-term upward movement: that capitalism is not merely once again trimming off those speculative aspects of its too hasty advances on certain exposed flanks in order to consolidate its still powerful legions for a united forward push from the center; but that the productive forces of the capitalist world are in permanent decline. State capitalism, here and there assuming the ugly face of fascism, proves that a period of consolidation of a desperately held position has set in. More and more, still vital enterprises are being drained—whether the methods are government taxation or borrowings or monopoly practices is beside the point—to support artificially industries that are in collapse. This process of decay, in another series of relations, has happened before in human history; yet there have always appeared revolutionary hosts to save what was worth keeping in old systems and to advance civilization to newer and higher objectives.

Why is this not happening today? Where is that revolutionary movement in America that is to create a new synthesis out of which the potential but never realized abundance of capitalism is to be built? To such questions thoughtful persons will be applying themselves increasingly. It is only a sign of the times that Messrs. Corey and Bingham should be simultaneously addressing themselves to the same, and perhaps the outstanding, aspect of the puzzle—the ambiguous role of the new lower middle class.

Today there exists a social grouping which the still fluid relationships of middle-nineteenth-century capitalism had not yet created—a lower middle class made up of propertyless white-collar workers, technicians, professionals, and managers which has sprung up as a result of the constantly growing collectivist character of modern capitalist enterprise. This is not the lower middle class of the little-propertied men—the small farmers, handicraftsmen, mechanics, and artisans of pre-industrial capitalism, the small shopkeepers who made up such an important and quite frequently independent segment of the middle class during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and a large part of the nineteenth centuries—but a middle order that is a modern phenomenon and is to be found lying between the expropriating owners of the means of production and the dispossessed industrial proletariat. Large in numbers and until recently growing absolutely and relatively within the bounds of the gainfully employed, possessing a high order of technological training, job security, and a superior wage position, the psychological and therefore the class identification of this group has been with the upper middle class. Supported by the ideology of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, believing in and setting their courses by the stars of liberty, equality, and democracy, members of this new lower middle class, during the last half-century of capitalism's progressive advance, never saw the necessity of throwing in their lot with the industrial workers. Their ability to move upward, occasionally, on the social and economic ladder, their acquisition of small property interests (via savings and insurance) which helped them to weather safely the brief storms of cyclical readjustment, their approximation of the manner of living of the capitalist group have been their characteristics: these are the persons who, because they have been neglected by the social-democratic movements of Western Europe, have furnished the mass base of fascism when the capitalist world collapsed about them. In the United States, today, they too have been profoundly shaken: savings have melted away, jobs have disappeared, technological disemployment haunts them, and because they never have been subjected to an organizational discipline they wander disconsolately in search of one Utopia after another. They will become the dupes and therefore the victims of an American Hitler and the forces of finance capitalism behind him unless they are first made to see that their destiny and their salvation rest in their union with the industrial workers. They have already achieved the collectivist society; but they will never enjoy the fruits of their striving until the capitalist relations in which they are imprisoned are destroyed and socialism is established.

All these things Lewis Corey, the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism," points out in a significant volume. He is a Marxist, undoubtedly the most important Marxist writer in the United States today. His is a unique role: free of political commitments and therefore not compelled to trim his sails to this or that changing wind of doctrine, he is in a position to pursue his line of thought wherever it may lead him. What is particularly interesting to note is that he is freeing his vocabulary increasingly of an official seminary terminology, so that the prospects of his reaching a wider audience in this country are becoming greater. In fact, this present work is not merely an analysis of the hopeless position of the new lower middle class but is really an address to that class. One may be disposed, particularly in the early sections of the book, to quarrel with portions of Mr. Corey's history—notably where he attempts to show that the position of the lower middle class has always been an anomalous one. Mr. Corey undoubtedly seeks to prove too much when he links the defeats of the precursors of the present group in the Puritan, American, and French revolutions with their inability to create clearly differentiated class economic and political programs. The lower middle classes then were made up of men of small property who had civil and legal rights that needed protection. The demands of the Levelers and Jacobins and of the left wing of the American Revolution, together with their successors among the Jeffersonians, Jacksonians, and Populists, clearly indicate that they were seeking to buttress their property rights with all manner of legal safeguards. However, this does not detract from the cogency of Mr. Corey's thesis: for undoubtedly by his clear, and in many places truly eloquent, exposition he has indicated that radical parties must make serious efforts to win over the lower middle class if fascism's threat here is to be stayed.

Alfred Bingham, the editor of *Common Sense,* also wants a society based on production for use and not for profit. But Mr. Bingham does not accept the Marxist analysis, and therefore he tends to look upon organized labor as an increasingly conservative force which, because of the inroads being made by technological improvements, must continue to stand for a declining numerical group in the gainfully employed population of America. Mr. Bingham is convinced that the new lower middle class, which he sees, as does Mr. Corey, as propertyless but which he believes has job security, is opposed to revolution. The hope for the future lies in the political organization of this growing order of white-collar workers and technicians, their conquest of political power, and their introduction of a profitless economy—by the acquisition of agencies of production and distribution—within the heart of the capitalist system. This will operate so successfully, he thinks, that Americans must increasingly desert capitalism and join the ranks of his twentieth-century-style Brook Farmers. Mr. Bingham's book can be read with benefit: his chapters on the psychology of the lower middle

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classes and on fascism are particularly illuminating, although his prognosis as to the future development of fascism has been vitiated by Mussolini's African adventure and Germany's rearming for the purpose of carrying on imperialist war. Despite his distrust of the Marxists and his rather cavalier attitude toward the industrial workers, Mr. Bingham indicates very clearly that he is not likely to swallow any fascist nostrum, no matter what particular American coating it may acquire.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Toward a Poetic Drama

The Dog Beneath the Skin. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $1.50.

IF a new poetic drama is not established soon, it will not be for lack of trying. W. H. Auden is the third of our better poets to turn his hand to it within the year. Like T. S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish, he has suffered from being confined within the contemporary poet's minute and arty audience, and has looked to the stage for the chance of obtaining a wider hearing and of performing a less equivocal social function. In this case, one suspects, there has been a division of labor: the more ambitious passages of verse bear Mr. Auden's stamp, and much of the "theater" recalls "The Last of Mr. Norris," the novel upon which rests Christopher Isherwood's literary reputation to date.

That the structure of the play resembles a club sandwich is not, however, the result of the collaboration so much as of the difficulties of the medium. The practical problem was, of course, how to cajole the pit—which in A.D. 1935 means the orchestra circle—into swallowing poetry at all. The authors' solution is to prescribe it in small but frequently repeated doses. The serious poetry, in large part, is limited to the choruses which precede most of the fourteen scenes, and to the epilogue. It is made palatable by sandwiching in with it large stretches of buffoonery, the vehicle of the satire.

The theme of the play is stated in one of the choruses:

> So, under the local images your blood has conjured,
> We show you man caught in the trap of his terror, destroying himself.

With a specific satirical intention, the authors have made use of a rambling plot familiar to musical comedy and melodrama. The hero, Alan, is an unsophisticated English village youth who is chosen by lot to carry on the search for the missing heir to a baronetcy, with the hand of the baronet's sister as the promised reward for success. In the course of his travels, in which he is accompanied by a preternaturally intelligent dog with a liking for straight whiskey, he has the opportunity to become impressed with the decay of contemporary Europe. He visits first the country of Ostnia, an up-to-date and realistic Ruritania whose income is derived chiefly from its red-light district, and whose dictator-king executes dissatisfied workers by his own hand but with great pomp and sentiment. Thence Alan goes to Westland, a vast lunatic asylum whose fear-ridden inmates practice such doctrines as Aryanism, philoprogenitiveness, and the simple life. An effective stroke of dramatic imagination is the portrayal of the "Leader" of Westland, at whose command the inmates jump to obey, as a man with a loud-speaker for a face.

Returning to England, Alan finds it just as cockeyed as the Continent. Its diversions are paraded in a suburban amusement park: mannered arts for the highbrow, sports and Hollywood love for the lowbrow, and operations for the hypochondriac. Alan attends a night club where the wanton destructiveness of present-day society is symbolized by an entertainer who slashes a Rembrandt to bits amid the delighted shrieks of the crowd. Alan lavishes all his money on an expensive soubrette, represented on the stage by a shop-window dummy. Beneath the monkeyshines of the play runs a sinister undercurrent, the drift of contemporary England toward fascism and war. In the last scene the baronet, who has reappeared by a very transparent trick, addresses his native village, which has been mobilized by the vicar and the local retired colonel into a patriotic organization:

> You are significant, but not in the way I used to imagine. You are units in an immense army: most of you will die without ever knowing what your leaders are really fighting for or even that you are really fighting at all. Well, I am going to be a unit in the army of the other side: but the battlefield is so huge that it's practically certain you will never see me again. We are all of us completely unimportant, so it would be very silly to start quarreling, wouldn't it? Goodby.

Alan joins him, calling for volunteers, and on this note of evangelism the play ends.

"The Dog Beneath the Skin," according to the publishers, will be presented simultaneously in London and New York in December. If it achieves a run of a few weeks, it should, despite its dramatic faults, be a candidate for the eminence of the "most-discussed play of the season." The difficulties in producing it, if a non-expert may venture an opinion, will be considerable. Although it is subtitled "A Play," its affinities are with the musical show rather than with the spoken drama. The fantastic plot and the general tone of burlesque will require more than incidental music to put them across. Yet the rather obdurate poetry should not be mouthed to a tune. The solution may be to have the choruses chanted rather than sung, and the rest of the show staged in the best Gilbert and Sullivan manner. At any rate, the book makes interesting reading.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

A Great Press Writer

I Write as I Please. By Walter Duranty. Simon and Schuster. $3.

WITHOUT doubt Walter Duranty is the foremost correspondent writing for the American press from abroad today. He cannot be called the foremost American correspondent because he is an Englishman. Yet he has so identified himself with the country which he serves that he does well to remind us at times of his national allegiance in this fascinating volume of reminiscences of his writing career since 1914. These are more than reminiscences; they are a solid contribution to the history of Soviet Russia and also a remarkable revelation of Duranty himself.

The title of the book, the author explains, is not meant to cover his whole journalistic career or even his entire connection with the *Times,* to whose great credit it is that Duranty has been free to write from Moscow stories which have gone entirely against the views of his employers, and that his "stuff" has gone in unedited. His determination to "write as I please" came after he was smashed up in a French railway accident which deprived him of a foot and brought him face to face with death. But with the engaging frankness which permeates this book he immediately adds: "Of course it was impossible, as I found out later. . . . I had not been back at work in Moscow for a week before I found that, despite all my 'deathbed resolutions,' it was out of the question for me to write newspaper dispatches 'as I pleased'. . . . The utmost I could do, I found, was to substitute a fraction of independence for my dream of complete intransigence." Later, when he decided to call his book "I Write as I Please," he found again that he was handicapped by all sorts of limitations, presum-

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ably such as good taste, kindliness, consideration for others, and the like.

But Mr. Duranty reveals to us, none the less, the causes of his own success as a journalist. He began by covering the Baltic provinces in the incredible hurly-burly and chaos of the immediate aftermath of the war, with no other point of view than that of the ordinary reporter who had seen the horrors of the war at close range, who swallowed every conventional lie, and so brought later to his Russian adventure the stock belief that Lenin and Trotzky were bloody-handed upstart anarchists who would disappear just as soon as the world settled down and Russia became normal. When he finally got into Russia he had the great wisdom to set for himself the motto: "Never analyze events in history without first analyzing yourself." He acquired the habit, too rare in a reporter, of sitting down by himself to think things out by the hour and consciously endeavoring to free himself not only from his insular prepossessions but also from his "hopes or fears or wishes"—the only method of arriving at a true perspective in that strange land of contradictions, or in any land.

Of course he has not always been infallible. Duranty admits how often he failed, sometimes as a chronicler, sometimes in his relations to his own job, sometimes in his vision; but he also scored amazing beats, and he even divined, by the simple but extremely difficult process of logical reasoning and thinking things through, some of the impending moves of the Bolshevik leaders before they were visible, or intimated in any quarter. He was quick to see that, barring an internal cataclysm or an unsuccessful foreign war, the Soviet government was there not only to stay, but to succeed. Acting on a remarkable prophecy by Ernestine Evans, herself an able American journalist, he scored by forecasting that Stalin would be Lenin's successor. In other words, Duranty brought to his task an extremely able and clear mind, and conceived his job to be a double one, first the recording of events and then a most exacting philosophical and analytical study of the human and governmental problem before him.

He is aware that he has been accused of editorializing instead of portraying. That is true. It ought to be true. Every great reporter ought to be encouraged to editorialize, if he can do so with Duranty's detachment and willingness to be abused by both sides of a controversy. It is rare indeed to find along with such detachment such understanding, such warmth of controlled human feeling, and such readiness to alternate his editorials with brilliant sketches and with truthful reporting; I remember one dispatch which described so movingly the happiness of the Russian children in Moscow, and the way in which the older ones loved and cared for the babies and toddlers, that I cut it out and carried it in my pocket-book until it dropped to pieces.

As for the Russians, Duranty's final judgments are extremely interesting. He thinks that the greatest achievement of bolshevism in its eighteen years is "to have permeated the lowest depths of the Russian people with the spirit of joint and universal effort." He thinks the veneration for Lenin and his tomb is due to the fact that Lenin has become a common symbol "and from this community of aim and veneration the Bolsheviks have been able to distil a new elixir for their Soviet people in the shape of a tremendous and universal pride, and a passionate interest in their country and its noble deeds." This, he says, may sound extravagant, but he proves it to the hilt by recalling, for example, national pride in the exploits of the Soviet airmen who rescued the crew of the Chelyuskin, and the astounding hundred-million-ruble fund to build new airplanes after the great Maxim Gorki crashed. As he says, "no propaganda and no fear of authority can explain mass action on this scale." He believes that his fourteen years in Russia have covered "a heroic chapter in the life of humanity." To him Stalin is the greatest living statesman, and Litvinov the ablest Foreign Minister. Of Trotzky he says: "In all history there are few careers so romantic as that of Trotzky; to have risen from so low to such a height, to have shone so bright in the sun, and to have done brave deeds in a quaking world—and then have fallen again to nothing, to spend his declining years in spiteful twilight. What a tragic fate for this man who was gifted with intelligence and force beyond his fellows, yet cursed by the folly of selfishness and pride." Besides much writing like this the book is full of adventure, of hairbreadth escapes, of drama and tragedy—enough for a dozen novels.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

What Happens in Shakespeare

What Happens in Hamlet. By J. Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

Where Shakespeare Stood. His Part in the Crucial Struggles of His Day. By Donald Morrow. Milwaukee: The Casanova Press. $1.

THE desperate thing about Shakespearean criticism is that it cannot be final. There is always something more to say, and anything said tends to be true. We groan at the rising mountain of commentaries, but our anguish is inspired not so much by the certainty that most of them are worthless as by the fear that none of them is wholly so. Shakespeare is like life in that the propositions he provokes are both difficult and dangerous to contradict. He is like life also in that he can be enjoyed without thought—and enjoyed still more with it, for it seems to be the case that criticism has made him even greater than he was, and that it continues thus to extend him if only by continuing to name his apparently numberless parts.

The test of a Shakespearean critic is not so much his truth as his tact, taking that word in its noblest sense and letting it mean almost as much as wisdom. The commentator will convince us in proportion as we feel confidence in his right to talk about a great poet—in proportion, that is, as he shows himself to possess a lively mind, a knowledge of the world, and an interesting, mature imagination. Mr. Wilson, for instance, seems to me one of the two or three best critics of Shakespeare today quite as much because he tends to be a poet as because he certainly is a scholar. And his latest book on "Hamlet"—for there have been two others, one an examination of the text and another an edition of the play—seems to me one of the best of all books on the subject because it adds life to a masterpiece which was already unspeakably alive. Mr. Wilson does this not merely by offering theories about the quality of Hamlet's madness, the origin of his father's ghost, and the significance of the play scene which at the same time are novel and plausible; he does it still more by never being dull or foolish, and on the positive side by being always aware, and by keeping us always aware, that "Hamlet" is what it is. It is as if an incomparably beautiful animal had been placed on exhibition and the man exhibiting it had turned out to possess, in addition to the finest knowledge of those points which all experts are trained to recognize, the finest understanding of the creature as a whole, so that its beauty came suddenly to seem something quite near to us, and, without losing its mystery, natural.

If it were possible to say such things about Miss Spurgeon it would be clearer that her book had some great value. It has value, as any book would have it which talked systematically about the furniture of Shakespeare's mind; and her assertions concerning the importance of this sort of study are not to be denied, any more than her originality in the field is to be mini-

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mized. But she herself seemes to lack imagination, or at any rate the kind which would be useful here. She cannot be trusted to interpret her data. Her deductions about Shakespeare's own personality, culminating in the announcement that he was "Christ-like; that is, gentle, kindly, honest, brave, and true," seem to me childish—neither necessary from her evidence nor convincing in themselves. Whenever, indeed, she tries to make her images mean something about the man she reveals herself as singularly literal and inept. She does better, however, by the artist, and since this is a more important subject she is able within her limits to throw light upon the wonderful unity of Shakespeare's best plays. They are unified for her through their visual imagery, and her demonstrations of this, particularly in the case of the tragedies, are notable contributions to our knowledge. It is perhaps natural that she should neglect another kind of unity, the musical one, which in "Richard II" for example is probably more significant than the visual one. And it is inevitable that even within her own bounds she should fall below the mark set by G. Wilson Knight in his four recent volumes. She somewhere dismisses Mr. Knight as one who has been "impressionistic" about Shakespeare's imagery. But by and large I prefer the impressionism of this poetical and passionate critic to the most that Miss Spurgeon can make out of her card catalogue. Mr. Knight's statistics may be incomplete, but he tells us more.

Mr. Hicks's introduction to Mr. Morrow's essay, praising it because it proves Shakespeare to have been "unmistakably a partisan" with respect to the class struggle of his day—the struggle between the feudal aristocracy and the middle class, Queen Elizabeth being on the side of the middle class—curiously overstates Mr. Morrow's case; for Mr. Morrow, speaking of the tragedies, says quite plainly that "society as a whole, in them, is taken for granted, never called into question. It is not presented as . . . something to be seriously altered. It simply existed as the very form of human life and was to be accepted along with life itself." That does not sound to me like partisanship, nor am I impressed by Mr. Morrow's proof that in his histories Shakespeare stood on the safe, the majority, side. The revolution against the Middle Ages had already been accomplished, and to say that Shakespeare accepted it is not to establish that he was conscious of doing so, or that he did so as a partisan. Mr. Morrow's essay is in fact more modest than Mr. Hicks says it is, and better. Since there will be others in its wake, the hope may be expressed that their authors will understand Shakespeare as well as he does, and recognize as he does how much of the time the poet was simply not interested in society at all. Whether he should have been is another question.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Aiken's Virtuosity

King Coffin. By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. AIKEN'S latest novel is a study in adolescent diabolism. Jasper Ammen, his hero, is callowness incarnate and carried to its most dangerous, most positive degree. Intellectually fastidious, emotionally under par, his hatred for the rest of humanity is so intense that only cold-blooded murder will serve to proclaim it. And thus he plans to kill someone, anyone—a stranger whom he singles out one day from a subway crowd and who seems, in his utter inoffensiveness, to epitomize all that is wholesome, mediocre, and detestable in the race. Jasper spies on him; learns that he owns a small advertising agency, that he lives in a dismal suburb, and that, crowning touch to his typicality, he goes by the ubiquitous name of Jones. Pretending to be a prospective client, Jasper calls Jones up and arranges a rendezvous—which is, of course, to terminate in Jones's death. But something unforeseen happens: when he makes a last call to fix a time and place for the fatal meeting, Jones tells him it will have to wait. He can see no one today; there has been an accident in his family. His wife has given birth to a still baby.

Confronted with this news, Jasper becomes aware of an emotion so strange that he cannot even name it; but perhaps it may be recognized, even in the warped and devitalized form in which it reaches him, for pity. And it functions—Jasper being the egomaniac that he is—purely as a sense of identification of himself with his intended victim, the horror of which no word or deed can express. Jasper's superiority has played him false; in its very efforts to assert itself it could only betray him into the enemy's camp. Enraged at its fallibility, appalled at the human, contemptible pitch to which it has degraded him, Jasper kills himself instead of Jones.

Mr. Aiken's special virtues—his command over words, the disciplined spontaneity of his style, his peculiar impressionism—show to better advantage in this novel than in anything he has heretofore attempted in prose. In addition, he seems to have achieved a mastery of his medium that was conspicuously lacking in his other novels; and he has given us in Jasper Ammen his first coherent study of a human being.

Yet what is it that we miss? Why does a story basically so horrible as "King Coffin" convey not even the faintest suggestion of horror? Why do we feel neither terror, pity, nor loathing for Mr. Aiken's terrible, pitiful, and loathsome young hero? In his egocentricity, his aloofness, his Nietzschean pride, finding its apt expression in crime, Jasper Ammen may be compared with another lonely and tortured adolescent—Raskolnikov. But as soon as we have made this comparison we begin to see how very inaccurate it is; and to become aware of what Mr. Aiken lacks that Dostoevski possessed in such abundance, and that could make warm, enduring humanity out of the largely inhuman impulses of a Jasper Ammen or a Rodion Romanovich. It would be unjust to dismiss Mr. Aiken as a technician; his skill is no mere journeyman's affair, for it is informed with the sensibility of a genuine artist. But when skill of this superior kind predominates, the result is virtuosity—a brilliant performance which never lets us forget that it is a performance and which appeals, in the end, to our taste rather than to our imagination.

HELEN NEVILLE

Conspicuous Waste

European Experiences. By Mable Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

"King Lehr" and the Gilded Age. By Elizabeth Drexel Lehr. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

HAD the Communist Party subsidized these two books to circulate as propaganda among the bourgeoisie it would indeed be as clever and dangerous an organization as the readers of Mr. Hearst's papers are led to believe. For Mrs. Lehr and Mrs. Luhan in their respective memoirs have succeeded in depicting with enviable solemnity and beyond any party member's fondest hopes the boredom, the extravagance, the tastelessness, the self-satisfaction, the irresponsibility, in short, the "conspicuous waste" of the capitalist class at the turn of the century and after.

Mrs. Lehr's tale, told with almost touching childishness, recounts purely material waste: money spent on luncheons for dogs, banquets for monkeys, balls for grand dukes; the John Drexels' twenty-six carriages; Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's customary progress to her loge at the opera "kicking a great uncut sapphire or ruby attached to her waist by a rope of

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pearls." The Gilded Age, in short, was gilded with everything except intelligence and imagination. Indeed, a letter from Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to Harry Lehr is a neat summary. "They say, Sweet Lamb, that you have lost your mind. Come back to New York if you have, for I can assure you that the loss won't interfere with your popularity. You know quite well you won't need any mind to go with the people in our set." No book but a bankbook seems ever to have penetrated the palaces, much less the consciousness, of the four hundred.

Not so with Mrs. Luhan. Not only has she read books but she has known authors. Arthur Brisbane said, "Mabel has brains, Mabel has *brains,*" and gave Mrs. Luhan her first impetus as a writer. In her style, however, later influences are more evident. Her pen discharges more florid and painful Lawrence than Lawrence at his weakest and weariest could ever have ejected. "I had never heard [she writes] of that gentle transformation that is, in sensation, as though the nerves had expressed themselves in the manner of silent, fiery fountains falling on black velvet. My body had burned with high fires but had never penetrated this far, strange, other world."

But it would be unfair to give the impression that Mrs. Luhan does not know how to write. "European Experiences," shameless exhibitionism though it be, is infuriatingly readable. Just as spectators are always drawn to a public execution, so the reader is magnetized into following Mrs. Luhan's little private lynchings. With the exception of Lady Paget and the Alexanders, well over sixty when she knew them, no one gets a continuous good word from her. Indulging all the heartlessness of the confirmed romantic, she is preoccupied with *le cœur humain,* and as with another and greater romantic it is always *"le cœur humain de moi."* Her own breath delights her, the very fact of its being hers. Indeed, all that is hers delights her except her "facetious, Boston" husband; "long-suffering and always so kind," she writes in the dedication. He, fortunately for his sanity, possessed the only two weapons powerful enough to prick the armor of her ego—common sense and a sense of humor. As surely as Frieda Lawrence emerged the heroine of "Lorenzo in Taos," Edwin Dodge stands out as the only sound person in these picaresque revelations of a latter-day Amazon.

For no one can say that Mabel Dodge Luhan lacks power. Without the power of inherited wealth she might, despite all her magnetism, her violence, her capacity for intrigue, her unflagging interest in emotion for emotion's sake, have remained to ferment in Buffalo. But money, the importance of which somehow escaped her—she never could grasp the significance of an overdrawn bank account—liberated her energies, opened to her the continent of Europe at a time when America seemed "all machinery and money-making and factories."

"So what?" is the phrase that explodes most frequently from the lips of the outraged but absorbed reader of these two fabulous books. And yet one can say "So what?" to Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal," to much of Rousseau's "Confessions." All these books share elements which are as typical of propaganda as of autobiography, for what, after all, is autobiography but the defense of the ego as a cause? No trace of humor lightens for an instant the intensity of Mrs. Luhan's and Mrs. Lehr's extraordinary social documents. Mrs. Lehr's compulsion to justify in print the pitiful sham of her marriage, Mrs. Luhan's "gladness . . . at the thought of it—of giving myself away whole, all of me, to the world—to my world" must evoke from even the most confirmed reactionary a prayer that that world may cease existing before more "intimate memories" of the living and the dead are myopically, narcissistically exhibited to a public which can always be counted upon to be remuneratively curious about how "the other half" lives.

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Types of Pedantry

Smith: A Sylvan Interlude. By Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.
Festival at Meron. By Harry Sackler. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Seventy Times Seven. By Carl Christian Jensen. Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company. $2.50.

CERTAIN connotations of the word "pedantry" have fallen into disuse, and it is time they were revived for their critical pertinence. Displayed erudition, whether paraded complacently or whimsically, is pedantry. So is an excessive concern with the forms of knowledge, as style, etc. Mr. Cabell falls on both counts into the classification and has, indeed, been there for many years. In "Smith" he continues the biography of his alter ego in the lands beyond common sense. Time and Woman have now transformed Smirt the supreme god into Mr. Smith the local deity, lord of the Forest of Branlon. The author's method remains unchanged—magic, mythology, dream-technique, the suave juxtaposition of the poetic and the absurdly prosaic. Mr. Smith still smokes Virginia cigarettes in the enchanted wood, converses with imperturbable urbanity, and yearns for the divine unreason of the youth Mr. Cabell never experienced. The crystal bowl of his phrasing is still iridescent, but the water in it has become definitely stale with long use. Mr. Smith has forbidden clocks in his domain, and when one appears as he is betrayed into *hubris* he is uncomfortably aware that not even a minor demi-god is safe from the Chronos that overthrew Smirt. Irony pervades the book, an irony that has retreated to a great distance and looks on with only a memory of interest. Mr. Cabell is saying again—he has said nothing else for thirty-odd years—that nothing lovely, nothing worth while persists, and the permanence of the commonplace is perhaps not, after all, to be deplored. One seems to note a pleased acquiescence in the charming, smug, accustomed voice. The energy that vitalized the poet in his former guises, as Horvendile and Coth of the Rocks, as Manuel and Jurgen, is lacking in this Smirt-Smith. Can it be that he regrets Mr. Cabell's betrayal of Mr. Cabell? One wonders whether in "Smire," the third volume of this trilogy, the moonlit, nostalgic columns will fall in the deserted forest.

"Festival at Meron" will find a certain public because of its subject and timeliness: it deals with the Jewish hero Simeon ben Yohai, who attempted in the second century to free his people from Roman domination. Unfortunately, Mr. Sackler is a plodding pedant, and mention of the book here is perfunctory. The story contains elements of drama, but none of them appear in this cluttered mass of verbiage, detail without focus set forth in dull, bad writing.

"To maintain the integrity of the self is in the end the whole battle of life," John Dewey writes in his foreword to "Seventy Times Seven." But the problem of Mr. Jensen's narrator is twofold: before he can maintain that integrity, he must achieve it. Duke is a victim of amnesia, and this is the notebook he keeps while a prisoner on a chain gang. He tries here to correlate the fragments of personal consciousness that remain to him, to evaluate the infrequently protruding soul. The writing varies from effective objectivity to fantastic exploration of the unconscious; and Mr. Jensen's talent for description and analysis is largely obscured by systematic and darkened symbolism in memory, dream, legend, and rhapsody. For all its metaphysical preoccupation with the self, this book is primarily case history. In the end, Duke is unable in comprehensible terms to achieve the integration on which the novel depends for its structure. The author's social theme—a plea for understanding, forgiveness growing out of knowledge of the offender's heredity and historic organism—cannot give the book solidity, but does give it interest. He draws a somewhat muddled but vivid and horrible picture of the penal system which persists in certain Southern states.

JOHN MCALPIN BERRYMAN

Drama

"Parnell"

"PARNELL" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a sober if somewhat sentimental chronicle of the life of the Irish leader from his first meeting with Mrs. O'Shea to the day of his death. So far as I could judge, the audience about me followed the course of events with an absorption somewhat greater than mine, and I suspect accordingly that it was a rather special group composed in considerable part of persons provided when they came with a ready-made interest in the subject. They were satisfied to have displayed the chief incidents in a story which for them was rich with meanings. I required to have created for me a concern with the issues at stake and the explicit delineation of a character the mere mention of whose name would not evoke in me a complex of emotionally tinged knowledge. Neither of my requirements was met to any great degree, and my interest was hardly more than languid.

Some such situation as this often arises when a playwright chooses to deal with a historical subject. It is true that "pathos," in the technical sense, is one of literature's most valuable aids. Perhaps, indeed, great literature is not possible except under conditions which permit a name or a reference to touch off in the recipient's mind some train of associations involving memories and desires and emotions which the author cannot create out of nothing and which he must assume to have been laid for him in the mind of his audience by antecedent experiences. But for that same reason it is impossible to describe any work of art as "great" without specifying "for whom." What we call a "universal appeal" means only an appeal to a very large group, and a truly "universal" work in European literature might be quite meaningless to a Zulu. For that reason, also, the author of a play dealing with a legendary or historical event must ask himself for what or how large a group he expects it to be effective. In the present case the answer seems to have been: for that group to whom Parnell is a living symbol which needs only to be invoked to be effective. Doubtless it would be possible, though much more difficult, to write another play on the same subject which would establish Parnell as a symbol, not only of the Irish national cause, but through that of larger, less specific causes. The fact remains that the present author has not so written and that the play is primarily a play directed at those for whom this particular incident is invested with an effective pathos.

Perhaps this little discourse may seem unnecessarily pretentious as an explanation of the fact that a play failed to interest me as much as it certainly interested some spectators; but I know no simpler method of accounting for the fact. It is well if somewhat conventionally directed by Guthrie McClintic and satisfactorily performed by a company which includes Effie Shannon in an effective characterization of a very sensible and understanding old lady.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The first act of "Let Freedom Ring" (Broadhurst Theater) should be cut to a short prologue before it causes, as it well may, the premature closing of an absorbing play. Once the piece gets away from its "folk" beginning, which may be

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Porgy & Bess. Alvin Theater. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride & Prejudice. Music Box. I do not remember an evening in the theater of more unalloyed delight.

Remember The Day. National Theater. Touching and entertaining story of a boy who fell in love with his teacher. Unusually well acted and with enough humor to give it edge.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce. The result is distinctly exhilarating.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original and engrossing. authentic but is in this case static, it mounts to a climax which is extremely moving. The characters are well documented, their behavior is clearly and convincingly motivated, and the action, which centers around a strike in a Southern textile mill, is swift and dramatic. The defects of the play—as well as its merits, particularly of characterization—derive from the attempt to crowd into the limits of a stage production the detail of a novel; and most of the defects are concentrated in the first scene. What was no doubt an authentic and justifiable presentation, in the novel, of the folk background of the characters becomes on the stage a tiresome tableau with costumes; and perhaps largely because of the use of dialect, which is seldom convincing, it actually comes to seem false. Moreover, the two characters who dominate the play—the textile worker and his older brother, the union agitator—do not appear until the second act; while the third main character, the mother, who is the central figure in the first act, is played by Norma Chambers in the delicate, profile-conscious manner of the Eva LeGallienne school of acting which has its uses but is hardly suitable for the portrayal of a woman who was a hill-billy, for all her Elizabethan phrases, and became a mill worker. "Let Freedom Ring" is propaganda—as "Stevedore" was. Its success in this respect is to be measured by its effect on the audience, which in spite of the slow beginning became thoroughly involved in the progress of the strike on the stage and toward the end expressed its feelings in a manner much more typical of working-class theatergoers in Moscow than of spectators at a Broadway show.

M. M.

Contributors to This Issue

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